

# The Sketch

No. 857.—Vol. LXVI.

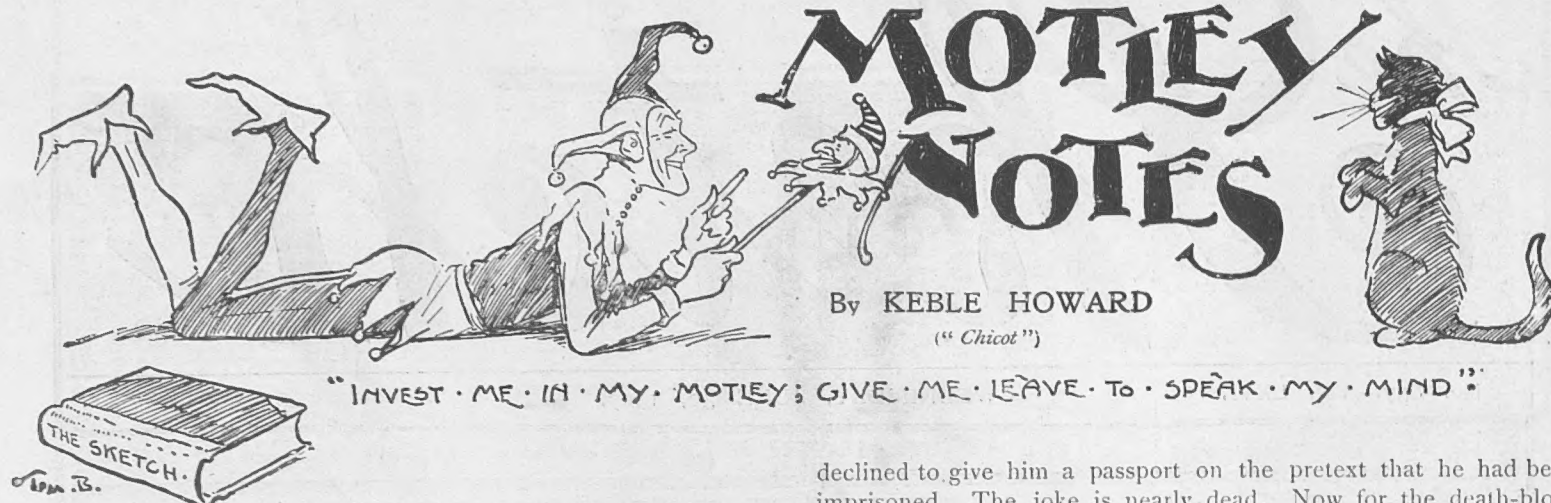
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



AS ONE OF HIS FATHER'S CREATIONS! MR. A. CATON WOODVILLE AS A FUZZY WUZZY  
IN "FIRES OF FATE."

Mr. A. Caton Woodville is the son of that well-known artist Mr. R. Caton Woodville. Those who are familiar with the latter's work in the "Illustrated London News" will notice that Mr. Caton Woodville the actor has not studied in vain the drawings of Mr. Caton Woodville the artist. He might have stepped out of one of his father's pictures of fuzzy-wuzzies!—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



### Rain as a Tonic.

I wonder whether anybody has tried to understand the psychologic influence of the weather? There may be a book on the subject, but I have not come across it. If you happen to know of any such work, friend the reader, the name of the author and the publisher on a post-card will earn you my sincere gratitude. If no scientific writer has yet dealt with it, I make a present of the suggestion to the Psychological Research Society. I should like to know, for example, why it is that a thoroughly wet day produces in me a state of exhilaration. All my life I have wondered at this phenomenon. A slight shower makes me cheery. Steady rain leaves me beaming. A thunderstorm fills me with the keenest delight. These are not mere lies, written for the pleasure of extravagance; they are sober, well-digested truths. Besides, you must have noticed for yourself that a thick fog makes everybody happy. That, perhaps, is more easily explained. There is a cosy homeliness about a thick fog that those who live all the year round in pellucid atmospheres never enjoy. Most people, on the other hand, are depressed by continuous rain. I rather wish I were. It is lonely to be abnormal, even on so small a point. Perhaps the treatise, when I get it, will depress me so thoroughly that not even a deluge will raise my spirits.

### Greenwing on Imagination.

"Imagination," says Miss Norah Greenwing, in the *Planet*, "may be a doubtful blessing, but those who possess it have the curious faculty of making friends with anything in the world." Well, imaginative folk may have the faculty of making friends, but they are far more likely, I think, to make enemies. That is to say, they conjure up enemies by the aid of their very imagination. Nobody ever "imagines" a friend into existence. You cannot imagine even the most imaginative man looking at a surly railway-porter—if such a thing exists—and saying to himself, "That surly railway-porter has, in reality, a great affection for me." But many an imaginative person has felt quite sure that some surly railway-porter—I am sorry to have pitched upon so obviously unfair an illustration—had a private and personal grudge against him. I met a man at dinner the other night whom I had always looked upon as a deadly enemy. The first remark he uttered was this: "I'm very pleased to meet you, because you have never said a kind thing about me in your life." The statement was so ridiculous that I at once forgave him all, there being nothing to forgive, and we chatted pleasantly for several hours about the shortcomings of other fellows. I merely mention this just to show Miss Greenwing that I am not to be flatly contradicted with impunity.

### Unmaking History.

The hero of the celebrated Koepenick hoax, who had the honour of making the whole of the civilised world laugh—with the exception of the German nation—is spoiling his own claim to fame as fast as he can. To begin with, he denies that he is a cobbler. "I have always been a foreman," he declares, "in charge of the machine work of a big boot factory." That is a pity. Since the world began, or, rather, since the world began to wear shoes, cobblers have always been figures of fun. Whatever the reason for this—perhaps it is because they go the worst-shod—you cannot deny the truth of it. Enormous point was lent to the Koepenick hoax by the fact that the hero of it was a cobbler. Had we known that, in reality, he was "a foreman in charge of the machine work of a big boot factory," we should still have laughed, but not with anything like such heartiness. Again, our friend, it seems, was not out for fun. He had a definite and serious object in holding up the town. He wanted a passport form, the German authorities having always

declined to give him a passport on the pretext that he had been imprisoned. The joke is nearly dead. Now for the death-blow. He is going to be married. The world never laughs at a married man, except behind its hand. It daren't.

### Peace at Last!

The question of whom to knight and whom not to knight must be an exceedingly difficult one to decide. If the matter were left to me I think I should knight everybody, and have done with it. What a very much more important nation we should be if we all had handles to our names. No foreigner could walk over Sir Harry This's crossing without a thrill of genuine respect, nor could he be hanged by Sir John That and go out dissatisfied. Perhaps, however, there should be higher grades as well. One could get over this difficulty by knighting everybody, say, who reached the age of fifty, conferring baronetcies on those who lived to be sixty, and peerages on all over seventy. Indeed, the more I dwell upon the scheme the more I am inclined to fancy that I have stumbled, in my blundering way, upon the millennium. Rancour and bitterness would disappear from among us; each man would do his job for the sake of the job itself; tuft-hunting would become, automatically, an impossibility. Thank heaven for the steady downpour of rain, but for which this magnificent notion might never have been born!

### St. John Hankin.

I always hoped that St. John Hankin, whose untimely death every lover of true humour deplores—that sounds hackneyed, but I mean it, and there is no better way of putting it without being affected—would give up writing plays and take to novels. He seemed to lack the necessary "drive" for play-writing. His effects were not sharp enough, his conclusions too indefinite. But in novel-form I am sure that he would have turned out excellent work. "The Charity that Began at Home" was quite delightful for nearly three acts as a play; as a novel, told with Mr. Hankin's literary grace, it should have been perfect. "Nothing," I wrote in my notice of it, "could be more delicious than the central idea of this new play. A gentle, charming old lady is persuaded by her daughter, Margery, and a silly, purring philanthropist named Hylton, that her life should be spent in helping those upon whom the world, for one reason or another, has turned its back. So she fills her house, from cellar to attic, with bores, vulgarians, and rascals." Anybody can see the possibilities of such a theme. It reads well as a play, but it would read ten times as well as a novel. Mr. Hankin used to complain because the public do not care to read plays. For myself, I cannot see why they should be expected to read a story in what is, after all, only skeleton-form. The novelist is actor and dramatist in one.

### Another Young Dramatist.

This reminds me of a little volume that has been sent to me by a friend. "Makeshifts, and Other Short Plays," is the name of the volume, the author being Miss Gertrude Robins. "Makeshifts" has already won success upon the stage. I do not know if any other play in the group has been produced, but "Old Jan" should certainly be tried. I think it would act exceedingly well. The scene is laid in Volendam, the Dutch fishing-village made famous by Phil May, and the little story is full of drama. Miss Robins's strongest points at present are her dialogue and her sense of character. Like all beginners, she is apt to let go of her scene just at the moment when she should cling on to it with both hands, but that is merely a technical error and can be corrected. The main thing is that her people are real people, which means that they talk real talk and do real things. I commend "Old Jan" to the notice of Mr. Trench.



MATTERS PERSONAL AND SPORTING.



Photo, Ellis and Walery.

WIFE OF THE NEW ACTOR-KNIGHT  
LADY TREE.



Photo, E. H. Mills.

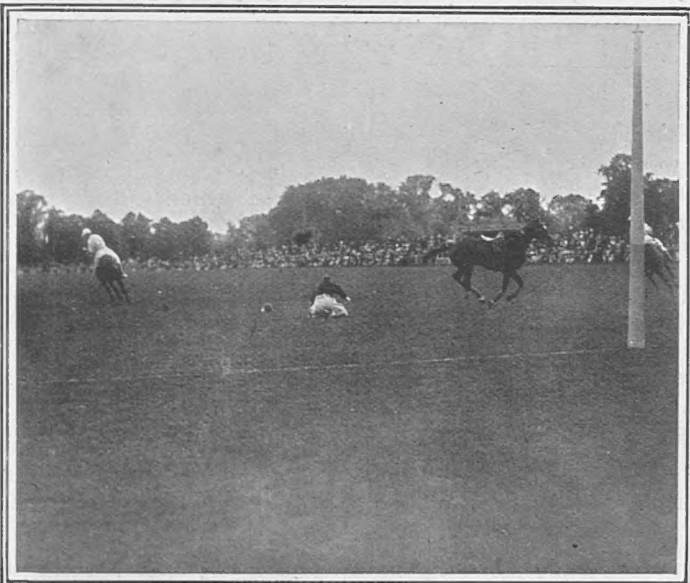
THE NEW DRAMATIST-KNIGHT AND HIS WIFE: SIR ARTHUR  
WING PINERO AND LADY PINERO.



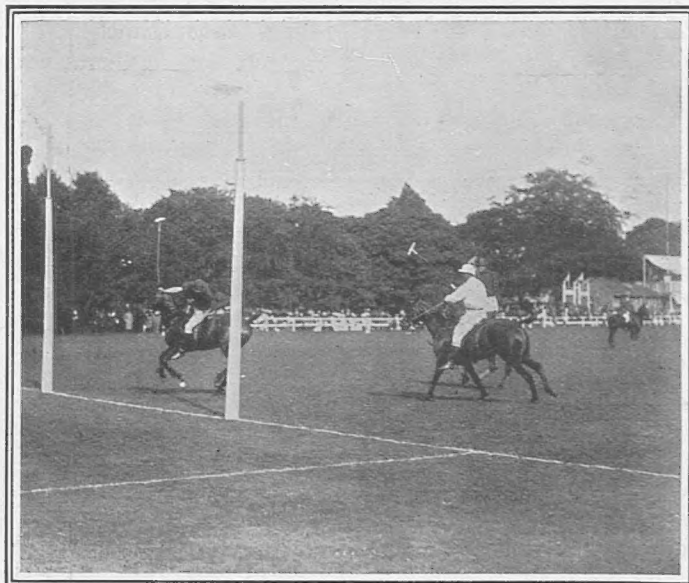
Photo, E. H. Mills.

THE NEW ACTOR-KNIGHT: SIR HERBERT  
BEERBOHM TREE.

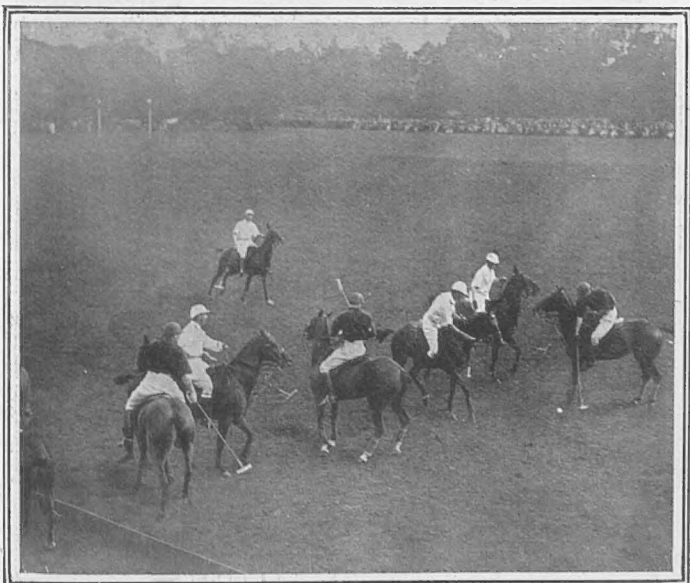
No honours in the last Birthday List were more popular than those that fell to Mr. Tree and Mr. Pinero. The former may fairly claim to be our leading actor-manager; the latter to be the leading English dramatist of his school.



MR. F. M. FREAKE, OF ENGLAND, FALLS WITHIN A FEW MINUTES  
OF THE FIRST THROW-IN.

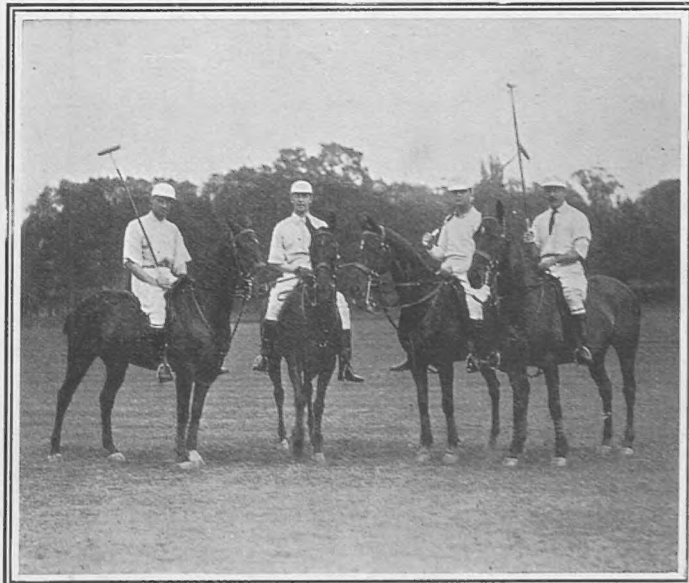


AMERICA SCORES THE FIRST GOAL: LORD WODEHOUSE  
FAILING TO SAVE.



DURING THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL POLO TEST MATCH:  
TAKING A THROW-IN.

AMERICA'S CHALLENGE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TROPHY: THE DEFEAT OF ENGLAND IN THE FIRST  
OF THE THREE TEST MATCHES.



THE AMERICAN TEAM: MR. D. MILBURN (BACK), MR. H. P. WHITNEY,  
MR. M. WATERBURY, AND MR. L. WATERBURY.

The first of the three test matches between England and America took place on Wednesday of last week, and the Americans won by nine goals to five. The second game was to have been played on Saturday, but the ground was in such a condition that it was decided to postpone the match until to-day (Wednesday).

Photographs by the Sportie Company.



## D.D.—DOCTOR OF DANCING: A DIPLOMA-ED PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

A LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL BALLET IN LONDON.



1. Mlle. TAMARA KARSAVINA IN THE DANCE, "L'OISEAU DE FEU."

3. Mlle. KARSAVINA IN "LES SYLPHIDES."

2. Mlle. KARSAVINA IN "CLEOPATRA."

4. Mlle. KARSAVINA IN "L'OISEAU DE FEU."

Mlle. Karsavina, who is twenty-four, is première danseuse of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and graduated with a diploma of the first degree, which entitles the owner to an engagement at one or other of the Imperial theatres. She has been dancing in St. Petersburg for the past four years, and on occasion has been seen at Warsaw. In company with other members of the ballet, she has been appearing with exceptional success at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris. She is now at the London Coliseum.

Photographs by Rert, Paris.



## DANCERS OF HIGH DEGREE: AN IMPERIAL BALLET.

MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL BALLET AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.



1. Mlle. Maria Baldina, Graduate of the Imperial School at St. Petersburg.

3. M. Georges Rosay, Graduate of the Imperial School at St. Petersburg, as a Buffon.

2. Mlle. Maria Baldina, in one of the rôles that has made her famous in Russia.

4. M. A. Koslow, Graduate of the Imperial School at Moscow, as a Satyr.

Our photographs show some of those members of the Russian Imperial Ballet who are appearing at the London Coliseum. Mlle. Maria Baldina is twenty-four, and holds a diploma of the first degree. M. Georges Rosay is twenty-one, and gained the highest possible award. He is principal character-dancer at St. Petersburg. M. A. Koslow holds the diploma of the first degree as classic dancer and character dancer.

Photographs by Bert, Paris.



Sylvia and the Secretary. Olivia Ramsey  
68.



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Tingles.

I am goin', b'Jove and b'George, to say a few words about the Art of Givin' Tingles. You don't know what the dooce I mean, I know that. I don't quite know what I mean myself, but I've worried at it, and gone to bed with it, and taken it

mean, I know that. I don't quite know what I mean myself, but I've worried at it, and gone to bed with it, and taken it about with me, and I'll do my best to make myself clear, in my utterly assish, natural way. For I'll say this at once, without any of that beat-bush modesty that is practised by discoverers. The thing that I'm goin' to spend myself upon is a big thing, a necessary thing, even an urgent thing, all the more urgent, bless you, because—as more fluent but less conscientious jokers have said already—we are in the horny hands of rogues, rotters, bounders, and Socialists generally, whose one fetish in life is to do away with the Art of Givin' Tingles, and to reduce our dear old country to the level of a Non-conformist chapel run by jerry-builders. Do you follow me? If not, watch the proceedings in that very Common House down on the Embankment, and you'll know. Well, I happened to be takin' the air before goin' to dance upon a South African floor one night last week—I think it was last week, but really weeks are so devilish swift that there's no keepin' pace with 'em—when I chanced to go into the Park. Elbowin' my way through the groups of Its who form themselves up round tubs to utter anarchy and blasphemy under the immediate patronage of the police, I saw a biggish crowd on the turf and heard the skirl of pipes. Now, to my mind, the skirl of pipes is at once the most hideous and the most beautiful of noises, and one that makes my back hair stiff with electricity. I elbowed again, and found myself facin' a regiment of Territorials jumpy with expectation. Then I remembered that the King, God bless him! had presented colours that afternoon, and that very possibly this regiment was waitin' for 'em. I waited too. They came; and so did the Tingle. I give you my word that, when these fellers presented h'alms to their colours, a series of Tingles ran up and down my spine, each one of which made a Crimean hero of me and every other man within sight. And that's why I'm bound to advocate the wisdom of makin' givin' Tingles a greater art than it is in the present year of grace.

### The Suppression of Pomp.

I say that I'm bound to speak out about it. I say that there wouldn't be half the callous, hangdog, who-cares-a-damn tone about us all if Tingle-givin' was cultivated in England. We've all fallen into the stoopid habit of suppressin' the sudden bit of pomp; the unexpected note of colour, the electrical sound of military music, the quick appeal to our innate pride, our innate patriotism—that's the word—our unconquerable sense of history, our *esprit de corps*. What?

And, O good Lord, how foolish it is, eh? How often, I ask you, is the Londoner—and the mass of humans in the other cities I've heard of in the country at the other end and in the middle of the railways, where accents abound—stirred by the sight of soldiers

goin' strong and quick behind the very dickens of a tune? How often is London given a touch of romance-awakener by the sight of the King drawn by piebald ponies in a C-spring carriage covered with golden Cupids, and surrounded by heavily tinned men on gorgeous gees, and athletes thumpin' round drums one on each side of a corky white horse, as full of buck as an Oxford rowin' Blue?

Tingles for the Masses.

Hardly ever. The guard is relieved every mornin' at St James's Palace. That's somethin'. That's worth ten V.C.s a day to the country, and keeps 99 per cent. of the population of London out of the range of Socialism. But what other Tingles are we provided with except the very occasional shows that happen yearly on stated days? None. What? Well, it's a mistake. It's bad policy. The Londoner has a liver. He is full up to the chin with the dull monotony of his daily drag round. If he isn't really a dull, cynical dog he pretends to be. He stands in need of Tingles just as much as he stands in need of effervescing saline. His patriotism, sympathy, and romance need a tonic just as badly as his body needs a fillip. And I say this, and, b'Jove and b'George, I say it at the top of my voice. Give him more uniforms, more processions, more tunes, more fifes and drums, more actual sights of the pomp and circumstance of monarchy, more flying colours, more salutes. Let him feel that the money he dubs up to the taxpayer is bein' spent towards the maintenance of the Army and so forth. I feel that I'm gettin' eloquent. I feel that I'm writing with a quiver of emotion in my pen. I feel that there is a Tingle still in my backbone. And for all these reasons, knowing what that Territorial Tingle gave me, knowin' that as I walked away from the Park I would gladly have walked into great danger and stormed the gates of Delhi for tuppence, or gone without my beans for eighteen months on the arid plains of—well,

wherever there are arid plains, and no filters—why not cater to Tingles daily, twice a day, and keep the nation in the Delhi-stormin' mood, up to the arid-plain concert pitch that is so dash necessary at this moment, more than at any other within the memory even of the most perceptibly tooth-full old gentleman with the frightfully black whiskers there is amongst us, who is politely requested to use only that brush marked with a cross? D'y'see? Am I talkin' rot or not?



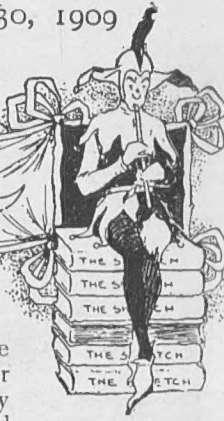
TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (THURSDAY): MISS CLARITA VIDAL (NÉE COMTESSE DE GAAVEDRA), THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

The Comtesse de Gaavedra, better known by her stage-name, Clarita Vidal, is to marry Mr. E. Mazzuchi on July 1. A short time ago it was stated that she was to appear before long in a new play produced under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman.





# THE CLUBMAN



## A German Royal Road.

The things that most impressed me in Berlin were the cleanliness of the streets and a splendid road which is being driven through the forest from Berlin and its great suburb, Charlottenburg, and is not to stop until it has gone in a line, as straight as any Roman road ever ran, some twenty-five miles. There is, I believe, to be a town of barracks at the end of the road, and it is to be a Via Triumphalis. On all the new maps of the environs of Berlin, the two red lines showing where the road is to run are traced straight over the woodland, and the cottages and houses which interfere with its course will be swept out of existence. When the town of Charlottenburg is left behind, the immensely broad road, with its borders of lawn with rose-gardens at intervals, runs through untouched forest, and there is something very impressive in this vast way thrusting forward, perfect in all its details, through the pines, its builders building it magnificently, in the faith that towns will arise on its borders. Except for motor-cars running out from Berlin, there was no traffic on the great road on the day I saw it, and it conveyed a sense of power in its loneliness, a sense of which one is constantly conscious in modern Germany. The road has stopped for a time at a spot where a great bridge is being made over water, and the workmen were as busy as ants about the girders; but when this obstacle is overcome, on the road will go again through the lonely forest. Berlin would very much like to incorporate Charlottenburg into its great bulk, for it is one of the grievances of Berlin that the rich mercantile community make their money in Berlin and go out to Charlottenburg to live and to spend. The municipality of the great residential town which is now linked up with Berlin has no intention

## The Cleanest Streets in the World.

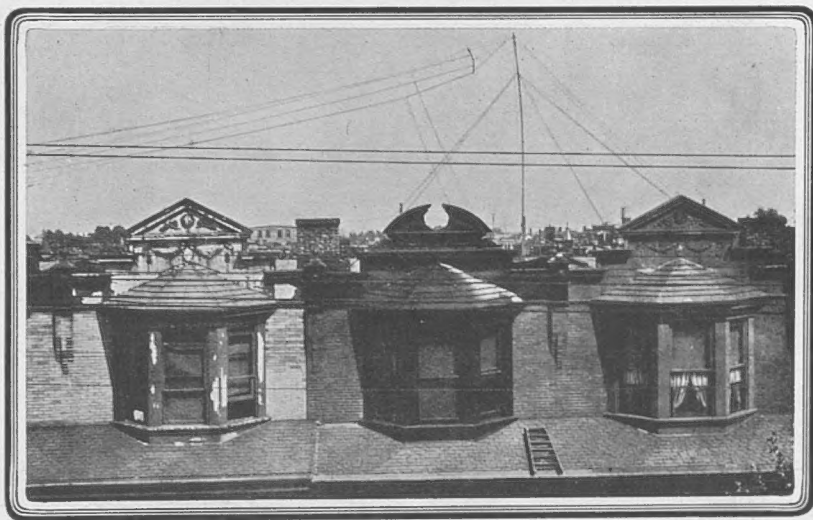
Berlin certainly holds the record as possessing cleaner streets and roads than any city in the world. It used to be a muddy and dusty town. Now if there are mud and dust anywhere within its limits they are not seen by the visitors whom it is striving so diligently to attract. One of the sights of the Berlin streets is to see the motor watering and sweeping machines at work.

The chauffeur jolts along on his strange-looking vehicle, which discharges a cataract of water, and then by a revolving indiarubber roller sweeps the water into the gutter. Very little fault is to be found with our London roads except during very hot weather; but the Berlin concrete roads are, I am sure, as fresh and clean on an August day as they are on a June one. It is in the cleanliness of the side-walks that the Berliners teach the Londoners a lesson. It is a police-court matter to dirty or make untidy the pavements. When a man knows that he will have to answer to the police if he throws down torn paper or a banana-skin on the pavement he does not do it, and there

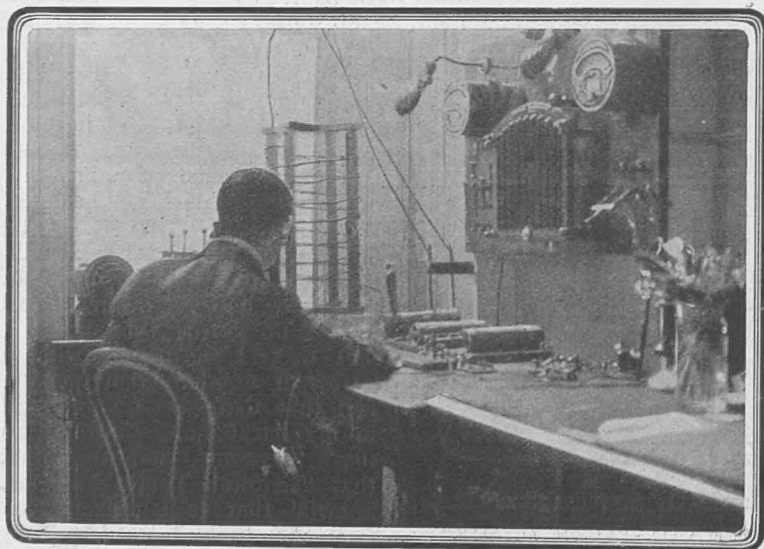
is dirt on the London pavements which is never seen on the Berlin ones. A Londoner walks with one eye on the flags, to see where he puts his feet. A Berliner can look at the trees and buildings and sky with both eyes.

## The Kaiser and his Capital.

The artists of Germany must paint in the course of the year very many hundreds, or thousands, of the Kaiser's portraits, and his Majesty must suffer with very kindly patience the attention of the photographers. In every picture-shop in any of the big towns in Germany, the centre of the window is occupied by a portrait of the



HUSBAND-TO-WIFE WIRELESS: A DOMESTIC WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH SERVICE BETWEEN HOUSE AND OFFICE--THE HOME RECEIVING-STATION.



THE OFFICE END OF THE "LINE": SENDING A MESSAGE HOME.



THE HOUSE END OF THE "LINE": RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM THE OFFICE.

Between an office and a private house in the suburbs of an American city there now "fly" through the air daily a number of wireless messages, a man of a mechanical turn of mind, of limited income, and with a desire to be economical, having rigged up wireless stations on his office roof and on the roof of his house. Thus he avoids bills for telegrams and telephones.

Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

of allowing it to be swallowed up by the city. Charlottenburg is an improved Kensington: it has its parks and pleasure-grounds and palace, but it has been built so recently that the architects have had plenty of elbow-room in designing the houses, and have erected streets of very handsome buildings, each with its individuality, and each with its garden. Of course, German architecture is, like everything else German, rather too florid for our taste, but for all that, Charlottenburg is a very beautiful town.

Kaiser. Yet, though there are as many portraits and busts of the Kaiser in Berlin as there are of our King in all England, the Emperor does not seem to be popular in his own capital. He is admired by the Germans, but, in his capital at least, some are afraid of him; for his impetuous utterances interfere at times with their business. "The Kaiser does not like the Berliners, and the Berliners do not like him," I was told, on more than one occasion.



# JOY FOR SUFFRAGETTES! A QUEEN IN MILITARY UNIFORM.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



QUEEN VICTORIA OF SWEDEN VISITING HER REGIMENT, THE FUSILIERS (REGIMENT No. 34) AT STETTIN:  
HER MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING SALUTES ON HER ARRIVAL AT THE PARADE-GROUND.



HER MAJESTY SALUTING.



OFFICERS KISSING HER MAJESTY'S HAND.



THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE TOP-HATTED AND FROCK-COATED DETACHMENT.

*Photographs by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft*





PRESENTED AT COURT LAST WEEK:  
MISS DOROTHY NUTTING.

The Misses Nutting, daughters of Sir John Nutting, Bt., of St. Helens, co. Dublin, are well known in Irish society. They were presented at Court on the 24th by their mother.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Perhaps nobody is quite so hospitable as he in the dining-rooms of the House of Commons itself, or on the Terrace at tea-time. "The Member for Australia" passes with the public for a great authority on posts; and so he is. But he is an equally great authority on ortolans, and ices, and hot tea-cakes, and is never in better voice than when he is ordering a magnum for his guest. Mr. and Mrs. Henniker Heaton have just moved into a house in Eaton Square—another centre, therefore, of benevolent activities.

*Hard Words.* Mr. Arthur Symons is so far recovered from his recent illness that he is enjoying some of the milder recreations of convalescence. He has become a play-goer again, for an occasional performance, his presence in the theatre causing his friends a shock of pleasure, for reports of the most authoritative medical opinion had tucked him away very securely in his bed of sickness. But Mr. Symons is going carefully along the road of health, and has resumed neither his work nor the whole round of his amusements. He was not, for instance, at Stafford House to meet the Press Delegates, although his presence there would have been decidedly *chic*; it was Mr. Symons who said that



MR. DOUGLASS HORACE BOGGIS-ROLFE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS MAUD BAILEY TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mr. Boggis-Rolfe, who is the second son of the late Mr. F. D. Boggis-Rolfe, of Wormingford, Essex, is of the Local Government Board.

Photograph by Lafayette.

the newspaper is "an open sewer, running down each side of the street, and displaying the foulness of every day, day by day, morning and evening. Everything that, having once happened, has ceased to exist, the newspaper sets before you, beating the bones of the buried, without pity, without shame, without understanding."

*Ajam, by Feysul-Ajramieh.* The sales of pedigree Arab stock at Crabbet Park, Three Bridges, for several years interrupted by the late illness of Mr. Wilfred Blunt, are to be resumed this season, an auction being arranged for the first Saturday afternoon in July. Mr. Tattersall, and his hammer, will be there,

## SMALL TALK

**H**ENNIKER HEATON—thy name is hospitality! To-day, at the "White City," the popular Member for Canterbury has bidden a large company to luncheon to meet Mr. Pollak, inventor of the Pollak-Virag rapid telegraph machine, which transmits 40,000 words an hour. Mr. Henniker Heaton likes the imperial scale—

he likes to "wire" and to entertain imperially

and, no less important, buyers from all over the world. India and the Colonies long ago discovered that the Arab, bred in Sussex by an English poet, can give points to most beasts of its kind; and numbers of people who have never sampled Mr. Blunt's verse, and who heartily disagree with his political opinions—he is a champion for finding lost

causes — h a v e been very content to do his

bidding in the luncheon marquee, and their own in the ring, on the sale-day. But Mr Blunt no longer lives at Crabbet Park, which was his wedding-gift to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton, and there will be no feasting and no speech-making there this year. Perhaps, now that horseflesh is the only attraction, the gallant three hundred of past years will not all put in an appearance, but the bidding will not necessarily be less keen on that account.

*The Lane Puzzle.* Lady Drogheda has been looking at pictures in London, and at the New English Art Club some problems in paint were solved for her by Sir Hugh Lane, whose name makes a welcome appearance in the Birthday Honours. It is his energy on behalf of the Dublin Gallery of Modern Art that is matter for puzzlement. Why, it is asked, does Lane hand over his bargains and his brains to a

public gallery, with no profit to himself, when he might be enriching his own walls? The Duchess of Sutherland was also to be seen in the Suffolk Street Galleries, where Mr. John—the only artist, we believe, who paints in earrings—exhibits his much-talked-of "The Way Down to the Sea."



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF POLITICAL HOSTESSES: MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN.

Mrs. Eric Chaplin is the youngest of a famous quartet of lovely sisters. At Warter Priory the Misses Wilson had an ideal country life. Their parents entertained on a great scale, and no group of girls were as popular in the great world.—[Photograph by Lattie Charles]

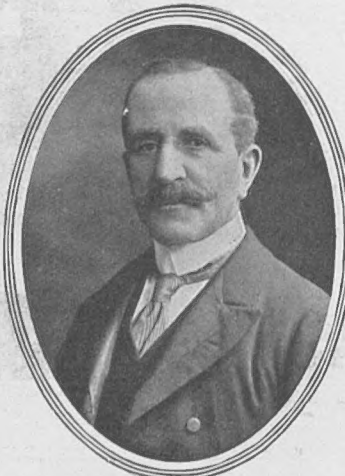


MRS. DOUGLASS BOGGIS-ROLFE (FORMERLY MISS MAUD BAILEY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Boggis-Rolfe is the only surviving child of the late Captain C. W. Bailey, of Moorock, King's County, and Mrs. J. Hume Dodgson, of 9, Cadogan Place.

Photograph by Lafayette.

*A Fitting Death.* Four players represent the United States at Hurlingham, and Mr. Whitney knows that it was no easy matter to prune down the whole of American polo to that little band. Among those who look on, and itch to be up and among them, are many noted exponents of the game. And for Americans to whom the sight of a match did not prove sufficient cause for crossing the Atlantic, the grim necessity of London-made attire proved irresistible. One young man from San Francisco, hearing that his pet tailor had died since last he saw him, inquired as to the disease. "Oh, a fit—a bad one. What else could a tailor die of?" said his friend.



MRS. W. H. PERSSE (FORMERLY MISS BRYCE WILKINSON) AND MAJOR W. H. PERSSE, OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Photographs by Lafayette.



## RACEHORSES UNDER GUARD; ACTRESS AND STRATEGIST.



PREVENTING THE HOLDING-UP OF RACEHORSES AND CONSEQUENT INTERFERENCE WITH FRENCH RACES: POLICE AND SOLDIERS ESCORTING VANS CONTAINING RACEHORSES.

The trouble which led to so much annoyance at Auteuil the other day began in earnest when a number of the horses entered for the races were held up by strikers while they were being brought in vans to the racecourse. It is said that certain of those who engineered the hold-up in question were armed with revolvers.

*Photograph by Delius.*



THE JOAN OF ARC WHO LED A "TROUPE" OF THIRTEEN HUNDRED IN THE STADIUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY: MISS MAUDE ADAMS STUDYING THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ORLEANS IN MODEL FORM.

As we note elsewhere in this Number, under our photograph of Miss Maude Adams as Joan of Arc, that famous American actress appeared in an English version of Schiller's "The Maid of Orleans" the other day, in the stadium of Harvard University. It had been her ambition to appear in this part for some considerable time, and she regarded her actual appearance in it as the crowning point of her career. Thirteen hundred people took part in the performance, which was witnessed by sixteen thousand people. [Photograph by Sarony; reproduced by permission of Charlie Frohman.]





A GREAT ENTERTAINER OF THE MOMENT: VISCOUNTESS PORTMAN.

Viscountess Portman, who is entertaining a good deal just now, is the second wife of the famous peer-sportsman, who, though eighty this year, is as strong and hearty as many a man half his age. The marriage took place last year. Lady Portman was Mrs. A. J. Livingstone Learmouth.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

blushes to the headmasterly cheek, in spite of the speaker's solicitude. "I really feel as if I should strap a satchel to my back," his Majesty is reported to have jokingly remarked, apropos of the duties that are now calling him so often within school bounds. And the King just now is looking as well as



DEALER IN DAIRY PRODUCE—AT THE QUEEN'S FÊTE: THE HON. MRS. HOWARD.

Mrs. Howard's stall was given up to the sale of dairy produce, home-made jams, and such-like. Mrs. Howard is Lord Strathcona's daughter.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

Princess Louise (the Duchess of Argyll) has been spending a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Astor, and where Lord and Lady Dartmouth had, a few days before, been particularly delighted with their surroundings, need no bush; but what about the old, old apple-trees? I hear that they have been worse treated than Anne Boleyn, who, after all, was only beheaded, and who, as she was born at Hever, may have known the actual trees that have now been lopped out of existence. Mr. and Mrs. Astor intend to spend a good deal of time in Cavendish Square, where they have taken a house till the end of the season, and whence they went the other night to Lady Middleton's dinner in Portland Place.

*Airy Navies.* It was at Lady Middleton's dinner that the talk turned to airships, for Lord and Lady Bathurst were among the guests. The next morning their cheque for £2000 headed the list of subscriptions to the National Dirigible Fund. This money, however, did not fall entirely from the clouds, for Lady Bathurst,

## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

ON July 3 the King will be at Rugby, opening a speech-room in the best possible way—by speaking in it; next week his Majesty starts the building of the new premises of the Royal School of Mines, also in the best possible way—by laying the foundation-stone; and Wellington is still smiling at the royal remarks that brought



HELPER AT THE QUEEN'S FÊTE: LADY INGESTRE.

Lady Ingestre was one of Lady Pembroke's assistants at a stall devoted to the sale of children's clothes. Lady Ingestre is the only sister of Lady Pembroke's daughter-in-law, Lady Herbert.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

been led forth as often as some of his Majesty's advisers might wish. To-day, by-the-bye, Lord Esher, whose friendship with King Edward is strongly bound by ties of agreement in matters concerning the Army, is fifty-seven, and he is a great upholder of the use of the bicycle in warfare as in peace.

### New Men and Old Acres.

The beauties of Hever Castle, where the



TO MARRY MR. EDWARD ARKWRIGHT: MISS AUDREY HATFIELD HARTER.

An important new engagement is that of Miss Audrey Hatfield Harter, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield Harter, of Cranfield Court, Bedfordshire, to Mr. Esmé Arkwright, son of Captain Frank Arkwright, of Sanderstead Court, Surrey.

Photograph by Lattie Charles.

the daughter of the late Lord Glenesk, has a filial interest in the *Morning Post*, as well as a patriotic interest in bellicose balloons. But her interest in dirigibles is keen, keener than even Sarah

Bernhardt's in captive balloons, when that lady made a daily ascent, that the upper air might frighten away the consumption which threatened every person of

### Lord Blyth's Business.

temperament some thirty years ago.

Lord Blyth, looking well after his voyage, had only time to fall over and run through the stack of invitations awaiting him in Portland Place on his arrival from South Africa before he found himself again the busy man that it pleases him to be. His first outing took him to Lady Newton's ball at Prince's, where the rocking floor came nothing amiss to his sea-legs; the White City also immediately put a claim upon him, and there he was very successful in receiving and entertaining the wandering members of the Duma. And now even the Russian Ambassador is doing his best for them, although at the time of their arrival he was sheltered behind the thick walls of Arundel Castle. Princess Dolgorouki gives them music on July 2, and Mrs. St. Loe Strachey a dinner on the 5th.

### Fresh Mouton.

Lord Blyth is still active, and anxious to remain active, in fighting the battle against consumption. He knows its power, and like all men who know, he is its bitter enemy. The two farms placed by him at the disposal of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis indicate the interest he takes in regard to agriculture, an interest which has led him to benefit the conditions of man and beast in many farmsteads. One of the difficulties of the agriculturist, Lord Blyth will tell you, is labour, and the impossibility of reclaiming competent hands from the cities is illustrated in the anecdote of the newly engaged labourer who, meeting a flock of sheep upon the highway, jumped the nearest gate with remarkable agility. "Them be very spirited animals," he explained, as the sheep went running past him.



A DESCENDANT OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN: THE DUKE OF ALBA.

The Duke of Alba, who has just been the guest of the King at Windsor, is himself a descendant of Philip II. of Spain. He is exceedingly fond of England. It is said that he is anxious to revive that one of his titles which would give him a seat in our House of Lords.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



A YOUTHFUL BARONESS: THE BARONESS CHRISTINE DE LINDEN, WHO IS MUCH ABOUT THIS SEASON.

The Baroness Christine de Linden, who is going about a good deal this season, chaperoned by her mother, is one of the many young beauties of foreign birth who now spend a portion of each year in our country, where they are sure of a warm welcome.—[Photograph by Swaine]



## PLAYERS PLAYING FOR PLAYERS:

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



1. AN INSPECTOR (STAGE) AND A FAIR VISITOR.
4. MR. PELISSIER PRESENTS A "FOLLY" TEDDY-BEAR.
7. MR. HARRY RANDALL AND MR. WILKIE BARD.

2. MR. SYDNEY ELLISON AND THE CAMEL FROM "A PERSIAN PRINCESS" ADVERTISE THE HAT-TRIMMING COMPETITION.
5. MISS EVELYN MILLARD AND MR. AUDREY SMITH ARE PARTNERS AT CROQUET.
8. MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON ASSAULTS MR. HAYDEN COFFIN.

3. MISS EVELYN MILLARD AND MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE PLAY CROQUET.
6. MRS. MAXWELL PRESENTS A LIVE TEDDY BEAR.
9. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AND MRS. FAGAN.

The Theatrical Garden Party was held at the Botanical Gardens, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, and was a great success. Amongst those who visited it were the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, M. Dixon, and L.N.A.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

## The Shakespeare Festival.

Mr. Tree's Shakespeare Festival started capitably with "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Some purists have pretended that the work is not handled with sufficient respect at His Majesty's, but in reality the farce must be treated farcically or it would be very dull. No one who sees it at His Majesty's can call it dull. Dulness is impossible with Miss Ellen Terry enjoying herself hugely as Mistress Page and causing roars of laughter, and Mr. Tree prodigiously funny as the fat knight. On Monday the buck-basket scene, rich in quaint, cleverly contrived pieces of business, caused the audience to rock with merriment. It was a pity that Miss Cicely Richards was not in the cast; but, on the whole, the company is very good, and in particular the Ford of Mr. Lyn Harding, the Evans of Mr. Norman Page, and Host of the Garter Inn of the old favourite, Mr. Lionel Brough, deserved praise.

## "Brewster's Millions."

People are wondering why "the bottom fell out" of "An Englishman's Home" so soon. At one time it seemed likely to have something like a "Charley's Aunt" run, and even the rebuff in the United States and in Germany appeared unlikely to influence its fate, and yet it did not reach a life of six months. I wonder why; for, in addition to being amazingly boomed, it formed a capital entertainment, despite its foolish ending. "Brewster's Millions," a revival of which now takes its place at Wyndham's, ran for about a year. However, there are plenty of playgoers left who have not seen the American farce, of which an excellent performance is given by Mr. Percy Hutchison, as Montgomery Brewster, and a capital company.

## Mrs. Patrick Campbell and the Irish Company.

The Irish Company extended its visit at the Court Theatre, and the feature of the last week was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's rendering of the heroine of Mr. Yeats's poetic drama "Deirdre."

There is real dramatic power in this story of the Irish princess whose lover was dragged off and killed while she was pleading for his life. The delightful acting of Mrs. Campbell, her charming presence, and the admirable poetry of the author combined to render "Deirdre" a thing of wonderful fascination.

## The Greek Actress.

"Nerigne," at the Aldwych, is announced as a Grecian actress, a fact which one would hardly have suspected, so well has she mastered the English language. Her movements are Eastern and snake-like, and she plays the evil genius in a little love-story called "On Jhelum River," with pretty lyrics by Mr. F. J. Fraser, and music by Mrs. Amy Woodforde-Finden. The music is pleasant in places, being reminiscent of Mrs. Finden's Indian love-lyrics; Mr. Ivor Foster and Miss Molly Castles have attractive voices; but the whole thing was not a very hopeful enterprise, and one wonders why the Aldwych Theatre was taken for the purpose.

## "Loyalty," at the Court.

M. de Sélincourt's comedy, "Loyalty," which was produced at the Court Theatre, showed some cleverness of a kind which had not quite adapted itself to the needs of the theatre. There were good lines here and there in a dialogue a little too artificial in tone; and there was one good scene when a young wife put frankly before her husband her love for the customary third party, and left him to deal with the situation as he thought best. The fault of the play was vagueness and uncertainty, particularly notable in the final act, in which the husband tells the wife and lover to enjoy themselves as they please, which is usually the prelude to disillusion on the part of the wife. What it was meant to herald in this case was not explained; but that fact did not detract from the merit of an excellent performance by Mr. C. V. France as the husband. The performance was organised by Mr. E. Harcourt Williams, who played with sincerity as the young lover.

## Miss Mr. McEvoy Again.

Horniman's company at the Coronet were seen to great advantage in Mr. McEvoy's brilliant comedy, "David Ballard," which should find an honoured place in the programme of any repertory theatre. The picture of the Ballard family in their Pimlico drawing-room, or revelling at the Soho restaurant, is wonderfully drawn, and the Mrs. Ballard of Miss Clare Greet is a most fascinating study of kindliness and matronly vulgarity. Very clever, too, are the downright and objectionable vulgarity of Gladys and Percy, as played by Miss Lilian Revell and Mr. Charles Bibby, and the broad comedy of Miss Louise Holbrook, whilst Mr. B. Iden Payne is excellent as the hero David, who tries to break away from the hopeless dullness of the Ballard existence, and returns, defeated by the world, to find consolation in the love of his little cousin Mercy, very charmingly played by Miss Hilda Bruce Potter.

## The French Season.

M. Guitry (now, I believe, recognised as the leading actor-manager of Paris) has begun his London season successfully, but unsensationally, by presenting two old friends, "L'Assommoir" and "Le Voleur," otherwise "Drink" and "The Thief," and in them French acting has not shown the vast superiority to English commonly supposed to exist. M. Guitry is a very skilful actor, with a real sense of art and curious suggestion of great power; but the term "genius" could hardly be applied to his clever picture of Coupeau as the happy workman or Coupeau dying in delirium tremens; or to his M. Voysin, even at the discovery that his wife is a thief, and under suspicious circumstances has allowed a young man to pretend to be guilty of her crime. M. Lamothe played very well as the young man. Mme Jeanne Rolly, the leading lady in "Le Voleur," is an actress of considerable charm and great ability.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. Pinero and Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree for their well-deserved honours.



THE AUTHOR-DOCTOR IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF THE ACTOR-DOCTOR: SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, WHOSE "FIRES OF FATE" IS MEETING WITH MUCH SUCCESS AT THE LYRIC.

This particular photograph of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle shows the popular author in the consulting-room that figures on the stage in his new play, at the Lyric.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



POISON A PENNY A BUNCH: FLOWERS THAT ARE DANGEROUS,  
ACCORDING TO A FAMOUS FRENCH SCIENTIST.



1. THE LILAC, THE SCENT OF WHICH IS SAID TO ACT IN THE SAME WAY AS OPIUM.

3. THE ROSE, WHICH IS SAID TO CAUSE SICKNESS RESEMBLING THAT RESULTING FROM OVER-EATING.

2. THE LILY, THE SCENT OF WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE A HARMFUL EFFECT ON THE VOICE.

4. THE VIOLET, THE SCENT OF WHICH IS SAID TO BE A GREAT DANGER TO SINGERS.

That well-known French scientist, Dr. Cabanes, declares that the scent of certain flowers is dangerous. He does not assert, of course, that the scent has evil effects upon all people; but he is sure that it has upon some. The lilac and the hyacinth, it is said, act upon some as would a dose of opium; the hyacinth, the lily, the tuberose, and the violet are named as a few of the many flowers that have an injurious effect upon the human voice in certain instances. The scent of roses, it is claimed, has on occasion caused a mild form of sleeping sickness, and in other cases, nausea. It is further stated that many singers are eschewing the use of flowers altogether, recognising that they may be hurtful to them.—[Photographs by Topical.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Changed Flights.** As England is pageant-mad just now, we may be sure that a good many people who are to be present for Speech Day at Harrow to-morrow would prefer the picturesque old archery tournament which Speech Day supplanted. The shooting for the silver arrow was the function of the year at Harrow. The competitors were arrayed in silks and satins, and wore caps with prodigious peaks; and for each bull scored upon the target there was a fan-faronade upon French horns. The last competition was in 1771. Somebody seems to have been shot dead that year. That, however, was not the reason stated for the abolition of the contest. It was abandoned ostensibly because the competitors claimed too many exemptions from the discipline of the school, and because the exhibition brought to Harrow bands of "profligate and disorderly persons" from London. So the authorities boned the silver arrow of 1772 and stuck it in the Vaughan Library, and for flights of arrows substituted flights of oratory, as to-morrow's shall witness.

#### Intoxicating Eloquence.

Eton. Not content with the facilities afforded by Pop, they hired a little garden where they could debate unchecked. There were Arthur Hallam, Canning, Milnes Gaskell, and another choice spirit or so. Now Milnes Gaskell was to the House of Commons as a youth what Boy Jones was to Buckingham Palace. By some mysterious means he was always smuggling himself in to hear the debates. The consequence was that he had quite mastered the Parliamentary manner. It happened, therefore, one afternoon that one of the tutors, who rented a garden near by, heard the most extraordinary uproar from the boys' garden. There was the voice of oratory, accompanied by cheers, enthusiastic and ironical; sneers, shouting, and booing. This sort of thing might be all very well for Parliament, but the good man could not understand it in an Eton setting, and he decided that the boys were under the influence of liquor. Gladstone was summoned to the tutor's study, where his explanation was received with gloomy doubt. Only by the skin of his teeth did the future Premier escape being flogged for drunkenness.

#### In Darkest Russia.

News of the cholera in Russia is disquieting, but as the dismal predictions of a European visitation were falsified four years ago we may hope that as little ill will result this time. But we cannot be too sure. Our fathers made light of it fifty years ago, when cholera broke out in Southern Russia. All but a few declared, when the malady died down at the end of the year, that the evil was dead. The few bade the many beware of the spring which was to follow. Nobody minded, but when the spring did come the cholera spread like fire over the land. Thirty versts a day it marched. It reached

the cities in single spies, but it swept down whole battalions. The doctors worked like heroes, with remedies and advice. "Do not fast," they said; but pious fools did fast, and worse. When eleven hundred people a day were dying in St. Petersburg the survivors carried the corpses to the churches to await the blessings of priests — and to extend the dominion of the slayer.

#### Pagan Scotland.

Surprise is expressed in some of the cables from Russia that the populace heeds not the proclamations with which St. Petersburg is placarded. But how should they heed the notices, seeing that they cannot read? Pictures tell the only story which the lower-class Russian, soldier or civilian, can read. They do not say, "I do not know"; it is, "I am not able to know." We say that Russia is a hundred years behind Great Britain. It is not so much as that. Sir James Simpson, the father of anaesthetics, died a good deal less than a hundred years ago. He was able to tell of assisting at rites as pagan and monstrous as any practised in Russia. Murrain was raging among the cattle of Scotland, and Simpson's grandfather ordered the burial of a live cow to appease the evil spirit which was supposed to be spreading the murrain.

#### Browning as Pirate.

Treasure-seekers by profession never are, but always to be, blessed. None of the expeditions of which we have heard this year seems to have a presentable balance-sheet ready. The better way was Browning's. He sailed from London to Venice by brig, not for material treasure, but to get a wonderful view of the Bride of the Sea. And one day the brig

fell in, during a dead calm, with the wreck of a heavily armed pirate or smuggler off Tangier. Browning's crew boarded, and found all the elements for a shocking story. Moors dark and dead lay about the ship, and treasure in abundance filled the hold. There were rare silks and satins and other spoil, of which the poet got a couple of swords and a dagger. Then a breeze got up, and the strange hulk floated away to westward, black and terrible against a golden sunset.

#### Better than Fishing.

The pigeon-fly-ing season is

at its height, and week after week we hear of pigeons, filling special trains, sent on their journeys of hundreds of miles to be thrown up and return unerringly home. It is very wonderful, even to those of us who have been in at young homers' training. It is not more amazing, of course, than the flight of migratory wild birds to far lands and home again without an hour of training in route-finding. But there is on record one feat of domesticated birds which challenges the performance of the swift. The late Sir Harry Keppel had eggs of carrier-pigeons sent to him from Newmarket to Holkham, Norfolk. When the young birds hatched out and could fly, they went straightway to the Newmarket loft where the eggs had been laid. The feat is gravely recorded in the departed Admiral's diary, and a fisherman may take next turn,



ROLLER-SKATING TO SCHOOL: A BERLIN SCHOOL-GIRL ON WHEELS.



ROLLER-SKATING TO MARKET: A BERLIN MAID-OF-ALL-WORK ON WHEELS.



STOPPED BY A SQUALL!



THE CAPTAIN (in the midst of the great test match): Stop the game! I've got ter feed the kid!

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



### Tom Robertson's Daughter.

The complimentary matinée to be given on Thursday afternoon to Miss Maud Robertson (Mrs. Haslingden Russell), the daughter of Tom Robertson, the famous dramatist, who practically made the fortunes of the Bancrofts, will restore to the stage for the afternoon an actress who was at one time intimately associated with "Caste," the play of the occasion. Indeed, in the days of long ago, when Mr. George Alexander (who, with a characteristic kindly recollection of that time in his career, is not only lending the St. James's, but is playing his old part of George d'Alroy) was a member of the "Caste" company, he used often to play D'Alroy to the Esther of Miss Robertson, who on Thursday will play the Marquise. The mounting of the play at the St. James's will, by contrast, inevitably recall a ludicrously tragic—or tragically ludicrous—episode in Miss Robertson's career in connection with this play. She was playing Esther in Belfast, and in the scene in which she has to get Captain Hawtrey's letter from the mantelpiece, the mantelshelf, instead of being strongly made and securely fastened, as it always is on the modern stage, was supported by a piece of grocer's twine and a tin-tack. As Miss Robertson leant on it it gave way, and the china ornaments, the letter, and everything else on it fell on the floor. Not used to coping with these contretemps, she was absolutely petrified with astonishment, and, in her bewilderment, not knowing how to deal with the situation, she carefully picked up everything and then faced the audience, holding the letter in her hand. It was an Irish audience, full of sympathy and good feeling, and, instead of laughing at the accident, it cheered her so heartily that all the rest of the company went to the wings to see what was the matter.

### The Referee was Wrong! Not the Sunday "Ref."

Mr. F. R. Benson, who has invited so many London actors to be his guests at the Shakespeare Festival, which he has managed at Stratford for so many years, has had the compliment returned to him by Mr. Tree, who has invited him and Mrs. Benson to play at His Majesty's Theatre during its Shakespeare revivals. There, too, Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier will also act next Saturday in "Macbeth." Mr. Benson, as everyone knows, has great athletic propensities, and has been one of the chief hockey-players in the country. Until comparatively recently his goal average was well over a hundred per season. Indeed, few men know more about the game than he does. In spite of that, while playing a match some little time ago, an over-zealous referee penalised him. Mr. Benson went up

to him, and bowing politely, said, "I accept your decision, Sir; but you are wrong." Then he turned to his side and cheerily shouted, "Play up, Mummies!" They played up.

### Finger-Posts that made "Long Noses."

With the coming of the real summer, according to the calendar, comes the season of pastoral plays, which are so often the means of damping the bodies, if not the spirits, of the performers. How far the artistic temperament which exists in the actor can triumph over the most depressing atmospheric conditions, and even rise to the possibility of playing practical jokes, when most people would be "left lamenting," is vividly illustrated by an incident in the career of Miss Louise Holbrook, who was playing last week at the Coronet Theatre with Miss Horniman's company, of which she is a member. She had often heard that pastoral playing was the pleasantest form of acting, so when the opportunity presented itself to appear in a charity matinée in the open, she readily took advantage of it. The "theatre" was a clearing in a small wood, some two miles from the main road, on a certain estate. Many paths led to the wood, and along each small finger-posts were erected to show the way to it. The pastoral play had attracted so much attention in the neighbourhood that, fully an hour before the time for beginning, there was a decidedly good "house." Suddenly, however, the sky became overcast. A thunderstorm sprang up. There were vivid flashes of lightning, loud peals of thunder, and the rain came down in torrents. Then, "a blinding mist came down and hid the land." It was impos-

sible to see two yards ahead. Naturally, the audience vanished more rapidly than it came, and the actors—cold, wet, and miserable—realising that it was impossible to play, started homewards. Over and over again they lost their way as they went backward through the paths trying to find the scarcely discernible finger-posts. In spite of the depression, the fog, and the rain, the spirits of some members of the company grew higher and higher, and as they came on the finger-posts they enlivened the walk by rooting them up and turning them in all directions. Every now and then, as they went on, they could hear in the darkness the voices of enthusiastic late-comers whom they could not see, asking "Which way?" while answering voices replied, "Here's a sign-post. Let's try this path." And the little crowd of actors who refused to be down-hearted said nothing, but let the arriving remnants of the audience go on in their enthusiasm, wading through grass and mud, while they themselves went on homewards to dry clothes and sheltered rooms.



THE COMPOSER OF "LOUISE": M. GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER.

It will be recalled that we gave in our last issue a photograph of M. Dalmores as Julien in "Louise," a character for which he makes up in the semblance of M. Charpentier, composer of the opera. We are now able to give a photograph of M. Charpentier himself, that it may be compared with that of M. Dalmores as M. Charpentier.—[Photograph by Berger.]



THE ALMOST-HUMAN: PETER, THE EDUCATED CHIMPANZEE, WHICH IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Peter is appearing at the Palace. That he is clever in more than the ordinary "trained animal" sense may be gathered from words of Mr. Butt: "I was ushered into Peter's dressing-room, and there I found him amusing himself with a couple of pieces of wood, a handful of screw nails, a gimlet, and a screw-driver. There was no mistake about it. He knew exactly—and this by instinct, not training—what to do with each. First he bored a hole in the wood, then selected a screw, fitted it to its place, and thereafter seized upon a screw-driver, just as though he had been a trained carpenter. His owner tossed a nail to him, and at once he detected the difference between that and the screw. Selecting a hammer from his basket of tools, he drove the nail home without the slightest suggestion from any of us. Almost human, and uncanny, is perhaps the best description of Peter."

Photograph by Grunberger.



MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



II.—ÆNEAS LECTURES TO THE IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY ON "FURTHEST SOUTH;  
OR, A TROT FROM TROY."

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## How Do They Do It?

How do they find the time? I might mean all kinds of people whose varied activities amaze me, but I do mean on the occasion two active politicians who have just produced books—Mr. Masterman and Mr. Belloc. The latter, no doubt, is the greater wonder of the two on the surface. One does not know all the mysteries of the Local Government Board; it may be that one's natural idea of the Under-Secretary as of a man plunged all day up to the eyes in the most frightfully important and absorbing business is not accurate, and that there are spare moments when he can sit, a wet towel round his head, and hurriedly dictate a book. Still, one does know that Mr. Masterman has to be a good deal in the House of Commons, which alone would exhaust *me*, to say nothing of speeches and bazaar-openings (presumably) and all that sort of thing in his constituency. Mr. Belloc's, however, is an even tougher case. He, too, has to sit in the House and vote, and I notice that he speaks fairly often. Then he is "a well-known journalist," a kind of creature I should always have liked to be, but am told—I hope falsely—that I am not steady worker enough to become. And on top of all that comes book after book from his pen, positively jostling one another. Isn't it wonderful? I am left questioning.

**Mr. Belloc's Satire.** Within the last few weeks he has turned out two books, one on the Pyrenees, I think, which I am told is excellent, but confess I have not read: lack of imagination or some other deficiency makes me dislike books of travel. The other is "A Change in the Cabinet," which I have just read, and am delighted to applaud. If Mr. Belloc is not our only satirist, he is almost our only satirist in constant employment. A little too constant?

Hardly that; but, although I know it comes cheaply after my remarks on his activity, I cannot help saying I think he would write better satire if he took more time over it. It is true that a satirist may have a sudden idea, and do his best with it by working it out immediately, red-hot. But this book does not embody a sudden idea of Mr. Belloc's; in fact, it is rather an old idea of his—to satirise what he believes to be the folly, stupidity, and nepotism of the governing class, and the fateful power in this unfortunate country wielded by financiers, and more especially by Jews. He has got a new story, but the main idea is the same as in "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election." The new story is good enough: it has two threads to it—one of a Cabinet Minister and company director, whom a shock causes to go about saying what he really thinks; and the other of a congenital

but aristocratic idiot who—on the point of being shoved into office—meets with a series of strange adventures, including that of going to sea in a tramp as a stowaway. There is rather a difference of treatment; the satire of the first thread is worked out on the plane of comedy; in the other case on that of farce; for, given any amount of favouritism in politics, "Dimmy" is really too incapable an ass to be pushed on. His failure to get right the formula used in answering questions in the House is delicious. The whole book

abounds in laughter, and I found myself laughing aloud—a good test, I think. Still, I am sure that Mr. Belloc would scarify Jews and politicians to more effect if next time he took longer about it; he would get his knife in further, and twist it more painfully; and though I am a humane man, I should like to see that done.

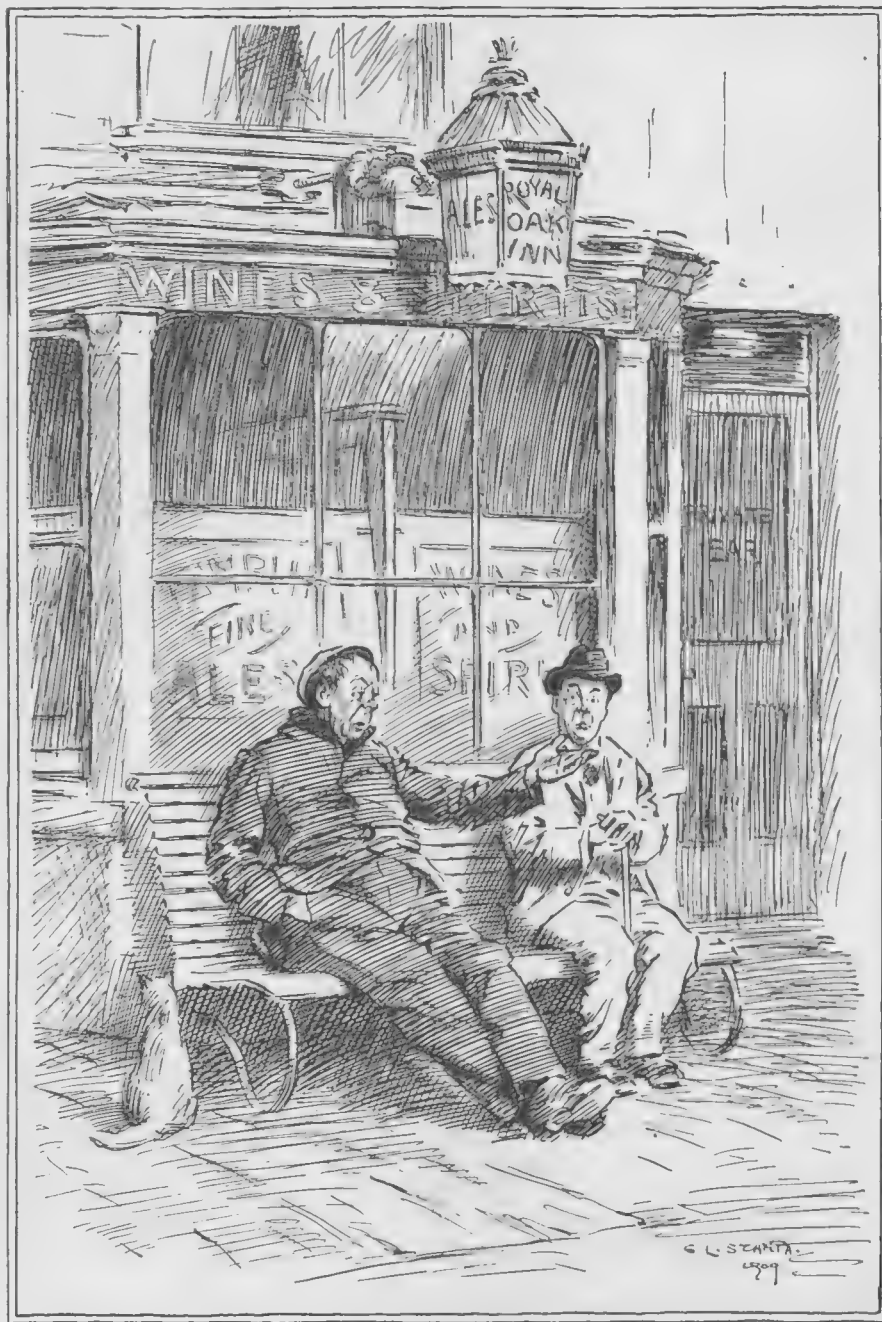
**Mr. Masterman's Book.** Mr. Masterman's book, "The Condition of England," should have a careful essay rather than a paragraph devoted to it. I mention it here, however, because I presume that a very large proportion of those who read *The Sketch* belong to the well-to-do classes, and it is by those classes that such a book should be read and pondered. Mr. Masterman gives chapters to "The Conquerors"—that is, the aristocracy, the governing class generally—and to "The Suburbans," and those chapters are well done—the former especially: the latter depends too much on contemporary popular books instead of on observation—but they are not original, and the views expressed in them are matters of opinion. The really valuable part of his book is in the information, the distressing, not to say shameful, information about the condition of millions of the poor. It is that part which I want the light-hearted and well-to-do readers to read and think about. The condition of this part of England is

a great danger in the present, and for it we shall certainly be condemned by history. We are not a selfish or ill-natured people, but we are an unthinking and in some ways a helpless people. If we really got such facts as Mr. Masterman tells us—not that he is the first to do so—into our heads we might insist on something more than talk from our governors. But I am bound to say Mr. Masterman does not seem to be hopeful.

## Another Bad Woman.

A line to recommend a very readable novel I have come upon called "Gates of Brass," by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson (Digby Long). There is a good picture in it of an unspeakably self-centred prima-donna. It would have been more effective had it been more ironical or less denunciatory, but it is good.

N. O. I.

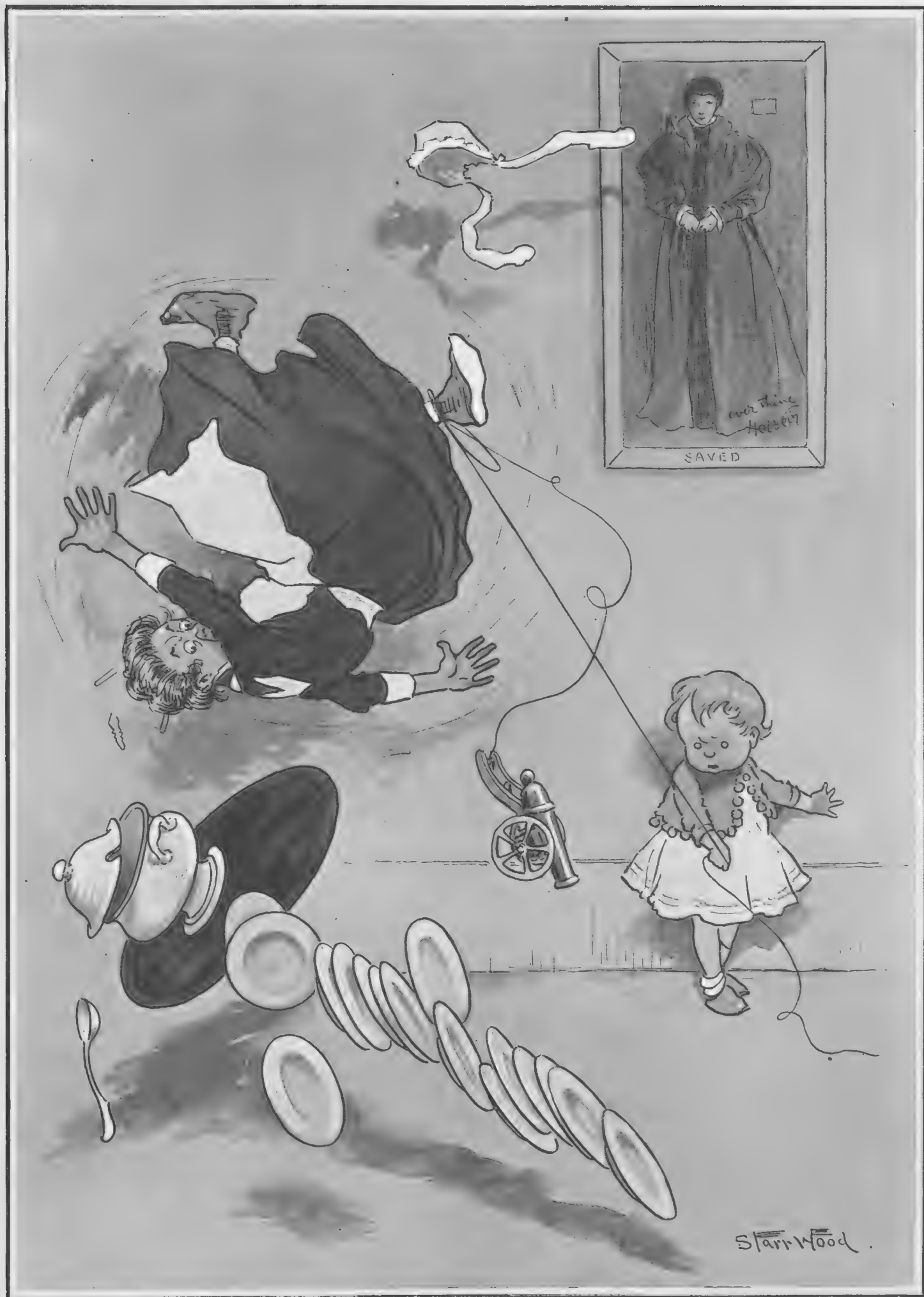


THE GENTLEMAN AT EASE: Wot's the good of the Guv'ment I harsks yer? 'Ere's me, willin' to work, a-settin' 'ere all day lookin' fer a job, and the missus honky hearnin' six bob a week. It's spollin' me 'ealth—that's wot it is—a-wonderin' where me next pot o' beer's comin' from!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



SNOOKERED !



A BIG BREAK FOLLOWING A NURSERY CANNON.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE DRAGON-SMELTER.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

CAPTAIN HAYES was awakened by the sudden banging of oars under the schooner's side. Slipping from his bunk, he reached the deck in time to meet a half-naked white man clambering up the gangway. In a flash Hayes recognised the figure of his boatswain, Tom Emery, who had deserted from the schooner only a month before.

The binnacle light revealed the newcomer's ragged appearance, the mosquito-bitten face, the half-healed cuts on the reef-torn hands and feet, that spoke of labour and privations among the Chinese mining-camps of North Queensland.

Hayes was awaiting a cargo of pearl-shell from the luggers in the offing, and the boatswain's desertion had threatened to interfere with his sailing arrangements. His anger and indignation evaporated at sight of Emery's appearance. He put out his hand impulsively and gripped the shaking, toil-hardened fingers.

With a single exception, Emery's experiences ashore had been similar to those of others who had deserted their ships in the hope of finding gold. He had found employment at a big mining-camp in the hills. During his labours the boatswain had become suspicious of the large quantities of gold escorted from the workings of a big Chinese syndicate near by. One night he shadowed the coolie escort from the mine to the door of a small temple situated at the head of a gully about a mile from the camp. Two Chinamen took charge of the gold blocks, and, according to Emery, the whole consignment of metal was afterwards riveted to the feet of an iron dragon that stood on the altar within the shrine.

Hayes heard Emery's story with misgivings, although, from experience gathered in Queensland, he was aware that Chinamen, when forced to safeguard newly won gold, adopt the most unthinkable methods of concealment. For a long time he paced the schooner's deck in silence, while the thought of so much wealth lying within reach filled him with tigerish impatience.

"Those two Chinamen," he muttered, "would wake the blamed continent if they sighted us inside their joss-house."

"Try 'em with a suckin'-pig, Cap'n," suggested Emery. "A pig has been known to bluff a Chinky where a gun only fooled the show."

A glimmering of Emery's idea filtered gradually through the buccaneer's mind. And after one or two inquiries concerning the pig's whereabouts, he agreed finally to accompany him the following night to the temple at the head of the gully.

The piglet, obtained from an old fisherman near the pier-head, was secured in a sack and conveyed by Emery in the direction of the Chinese temple. Hayes followed leisurely in the rear.

The bush-track skirted the big Mongolian mining-camp, where the stunted box-trees shut out the vast stretches of spinifex country beyond. A splinter of light pricked the masses of shadow near the temple entrance.

"Keep to the back of the shrine," whispered the boatswain, "an' give me a leg-up to the roof, Cap'n."

The piglet had been gagged and muffled to prevent it squealing, and as Emery gained the flat roof he drew the sack after him, and approached the skylight on all fours.

Hayes stooped in the shadows and waited. Behind, in the masses of hill and jungle shade, flared the coolie camp-fires; a shout or signal of any kind from the two Chinamen within the temple would bring a pack about his heels.

An unmistakable sound came from the roof, followed by the boatswain's hoarse-mutterings; then sharp squeals echoed in rapid succession, as if the released pig had struck the altar in its descent through the skylight. Round and round the sacred precincts it ran, filling the hot silence with shrill protests. A clattering of sandalled feet was heard in the temple doorway; voices charged

with anger and surprise reached Hayes as the two guardians of the shrine dashed towards the altar and seized the rioting intruder.

Leaving the door ajar, they ambled towards an enclosed compound on the western side of the temple. Here they paused to inspect the noisy invader. Shang Wah, chief guardian of the shrine, held the pig at arm's length, while a dreamful ecstasy overclouded his eyes. "Our prayers have been heard at last, Ming Poo," he said, in his musical Nankinese. "Only last night I dreamed of such a thing, and it has come even before our cooking-fires are out."

The buccaneer crawled forward and slipped through the open door into the temple. A smell of burning roots and oils assailed him; the strange odour of flame-chastened offerings lingered in the warm darkness. At the altar he paused, and glared at the dragon's outline perched on its castings of gold. Taking a jemmy from his pocket, he worked it under the massive blocks of metal until the woodwork cracked and split under the tremendous leverage. The dragon tilted suddenly and leaned on its side. With almost superhuman strength the buccaneer hauled it to his shoulder and staggered to the open door of the shrine.

For a moment he stared from the doorway at the backs of the two chattering Celestials in the compound, then plunged into the shelter of the bush.

Emery was beside him in a flash, and together they bore the unwieldy iron monster down a deep side track, where the stiff kangaroo-grass lacerated their ankles at every stride. It was soon evident to both men that they were wandering in an opposite direction to the schooner. A small stone building showed suddenly through the darkness; scattered around it were heaps of broken mineral ore and tailings. A quantity of scrapped mining machinery littered the ground. Peering inside the deserted building, Hayes saw that it had been once used as a smelting-house. A small brick furnace stood opposite the door; further examination revealed an iron ladle lying on top of some fluxing ore.

The two men panted in the darkness as though the hurried journey across the sandhills had told on their strength. Several miles of rough country had yet to be crossed before the schooner was reached. It was long past midnight, and the dawn would be upon them long before the inlet was sighted. Once the darkness lifted, their chances of eluding the scattered bands of Chinese fossickers were extremely small. A hue and cry would be raised at sight of two white men hauling their sacred dragon towards the creek.

Striking a match cautiously, Hayes examined the massive blocks of gold which had been screwed and riveted to the feet of the iron monster. "It would take a bullock-dray to shift it through the hills," he said bitterly. "And if we leave it here until to-morrow night some of those black trackers at the Chinese camp will ferret it out."

"Smelt it in the crucible," suggested Emery. "The gold'll run to the bottom of the pot; the iron part can be thrown away."

"What then?" demanded Hayes, whose knowledge of smelting work was limited.

"Run off the gold into bars with the ladle. We can carry 'em to the schooner easy enough. We don't want to melt the blamed dragon, Cap'n. The gold'll come away from its claws easy enough once the fire's started."

"There's a lot of sense being warmed out of your head to-night, Emery," laughed Hayes, as he heaved the mass of gold and iron into the furnace.

[Continued overleaf.]



PROVERBIAL PRUDENCE.



"A BIRD IN THE HAND —"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A heap of coke stood near the furnace, and with some dry wood from a stack outside the boatswain soon had a draughted fire roaring up the wide-bricked flue. Hayes regarded the glowing fire with interest, then turned to the stooping boatswain hurriedly.

"You'd better make your way to the schooner and bring back a couple of sacks. We can leave here at daybreak, and nobody will be the wiser."

Throwing a final armful of coke into the furnace, Emery departed noiselessly in the direction of the creek. Hayes watched him cross the low-lying hills, then closed the smelting-house door to prevent the red light of the furnace from reflecting on the white quartz-heaps outside. The coke burned fiercely under the circular-shaped crucible, and the buccaneer soon witnessed the swift fluxation of metal as, one by one, the heated gold-blocks fell away from the mass of iron which held them. Drawing the cumbersome dragon from the furnace, he cast it into a far corner of the smelting-house.

For several seconds he was overcome by an irresistible desire to stir the glowing orange-hued mass lying at the bottom of the crucible. Never before had he seen molten gold flow and splash from the basin-like rim of a three-foot ladle. Like a child fascinated, he allowed the fluid gold to drip and spill back into the crucible until it emitted a trickling, purling sound delightful to the ear.

It occurred to him suddenly that it would be an easy matter to run the metal into a shallow trench scooped out of the floor. The earth would make an excellent mould for the gold bars.

Stooping near the door, he listened, with his shoulder against the panel, scarce daring to breathe. Something was pressing the door from the outside, and for a fraction of time he allowed it to open about the fifth of an inch. A naked Chinaman was standing outside, and the light rays from the furnace flashed suddenly in his eyes. Swift as a panther, Hayes reached for his throat, and missed; the pig-tailed head ducked nimbly and vanished.

The furnace-rays illumined the white heaps of quartz outside while Hayes searched wrathfully for a glimpse of the spying intruder. The ghostly silence of the ti-tree and thorn-bush scrub gave no hint of the Chinaman's whereabouts. A far-off shouting turned him sharply in the direction of the coolie camp-fires. All along the hip of the range streamed a procession of small lamps, held aloft by scores of naked figures reconnoitring in his direction.

There was no lock to the smelting-house door; no weapon worthy of the name to stave off, even for a second, the first rush of the coolie mob. The lanterns dipped and vanished suddenly, as though the near bush had engulfed them.

"They're coming—the air is thick with them. Guess I've no business to be caught in a place like this." Hayes fell back to the door of the smelting-house.

A shrill, wailing sound came from the near ti-tree, a sobbing noise that resembled the first rush of a dingo-pack. It broke suddenly from the scrub, and with it a score of lean-hipped Mongolians, dancing in their rage, flashing their mine-lamps over the glittering quartz-heaps in front of the smelting-house.

"Now . . . Johnny boys, don't be in a blamed hurry! Guess you'll let me fight long enough to warm the soles of my feet."

What followed happened in the fall of an eye. A dozen coolies hurled themselves at the swiftly slammed door. For fifteen seconds Hayes held his back to it with the strength of a Titan, while fists and knives hammered and smote from the outside. The din was terrific. Nothing could withstand the fierce impacts, the irresistible weight of twenty Chinamen flung ram-like at the rough-hewn panels.

The buccaneer gasped under the strain, jammed his feet into the earth, buttressed the quaking door with arms and shoulders until it rattled and splintered about his ears. Then his eye fell on the molten metal in the glowing crucible, the long-handled ladle resting against the wall. A single leap took him across the smelting-house to the red door of the furnace. Snatching up the iron ladle, he pivoted nimbly and faced the inrushing mob of coolies.

Four of their leaders fell head first through the suddenly opened door, checking for a moment the wolf-like rush of the mob. The problem of effective resistance appeared incredibly simple the moment the crowd of bronze-hued bodies tumbled in a heap before him. A plunge of the iron ladle into the crucible brought up a brimming mass of molten metal that was emptied in a blinding wave over the struggling group in the doorway. A second helping from the glowing crucible was executed even more deftly, for Hayes saw that, by tossing the fluid gold in the air, it scattered in a tortuous stream over their naked backs and shoulders. Up and out he cast the flesh-eating metal, plying his ladle with laughter and savage grunts. He saw it shoot like quicksilver over the pig-tailed heads and shoulders, streaming in burning pools about their unprotected feet and ankles.

"Guess you've hit the big gold-cure!" he shouted suddenly. "Guaranteed to do away with a Sunday thirst or—" He turned with his brimming ladle uplifted and found the smelting-house deserted.

A couple of scalded Chinamen dragged themselves through the doorway, where the fast-cooling metal lay in shining goutts of red about the floor. Outside, the frantic mob withdrew to the shelter of a sandhill and discussed the situation. The shoulders and limbs of the front and middle rank men were covered with metal-scalds. Many of the others bore traces of the terrible baptism of gold; their faces and bodies disfigured where the yellow fire had seared and spilled over them.

From the furnace-lit house came the jeering laughter of the white barbarian. They could see him standing beside the crucible, the flare and sweat of battle on his face.

"The dog has skinned us with our own metal!" snarled a Tonquinese coolie from the rear. "Let us fight him another way."

They gathered in a bunch near the smelting-house entrance armed with stones picked from the pile at hand. Hayes, stooping beside the furnace, knew that they would batter him to pulp the moment he attempted to leave the building.

One of the leaders advanced within a few feet of the door, and dropped a heavy short-fused dynamite-cartridge near the threshold. Retreating nimbly, he joined his comrades, and took his stand beside the piles of broken stones.

The buccaneer leaned forward, half-hypnotised, and stared at the slow-burning fuse, the carbon-like flame that ate its way slowly towards the cartridge. He knew what would happen the moment the fire reached the metal cartridge-cap, for he had seen rocks and hills rent asunder by smaller charges of dynamite. The smelting-house would fall about his ears as surely as though a five-inch shell had struck it. There was only one exit, and that was by way of the coolie stone-heaps.

Hayes rested on the long-handled ladle and contemplated the changing colour of the fire that bit its way surely and swiftly down to the cartridge-cap. He noted how the white glow turned from saffron to violet. The fuse-end began to smoke dully, then emitted a murderous red spark that interested him vastly. He almost felt the coming impact, the thunderous shock of earth and stone that would engulf him.

With a glance at the mob half-concealed behind their stone-heap, he leaped out, snatched up the smoking cartridge, and cast it in their midst.

Its swift passage through the air appeared to quicken the last throbbing spark; a deafening roar smothered the howls of dismay that went up from the close-packed coolies. A blade-white flame seemed to cut the darkness about them, splitting the stone-heap in fifty directions; the sobbing roar of it shook the smelting-house to its foundations.

Hayes peeped out, and the bitter fumes of dynamite blew back in his face. Several indistinct forms moved from the scattered stone-heap, moaning, calling to each other in supplicating voices. Drops of rain fell at his feet; he glanced skyward instinctively. At the moment a long arm shot out from the near ti-tree—a jagged stone struck him full on the brow. Staggering forward, he pitched over and lay almost in the doorway of the smelting-house.

A couple of big-chested coolies crept from the scrub-shadows and stood over him critically. "The stone is better than the knife, Chung Lee. He will not melt or steal our gold again. Look how he has played with it!"

The speaker pointed to the gold-fretted floor of the house, where the ruddy patches of metal lay in hardened lumps and cakes of curious design. Grasping the ladle, he dipped it into the crucible and poured the fluid gold in short bars over the floor.

"Let us do what the barbarian would have done," he said hurriedly, "and escape to the coast. The men who fight get the blows and the scalds. We who know better get the beautiful gold." He paused with the brimming ladle of metal poised in the air reflectively, and glanced at the motionless figure of Hayes stretched near the door.

"For what he has done, Chung Lee, let us fill his mouth with burning gold; let us pour it into his great throat until it reaches his heart . . . the dog defiled our gods."

Chung Lee placed a fierce restraining hand on the uplifted ladle. Gold is hard enough to win, Foo Yen, without pouring it into the mouth of the *yanjen*. Let us hurry; others are coming."

Three bars of gold were run on the earthen floor, and the last dregs scraped from the furnace. Not a scrap of metal remained in the smelting-house when they emerged laden from hip to shoulder with bullion. They passed the sprawling, motionless shapes of their comrades in silence, and hurried north in the direction of Port Darwin.

When Emery returned, three hours later, he found Hayes sitting inside the smelting-house, his hands pressed over his eyes. The boatswain's glance wandered from the empty crucible to the huddle of coolies outside.

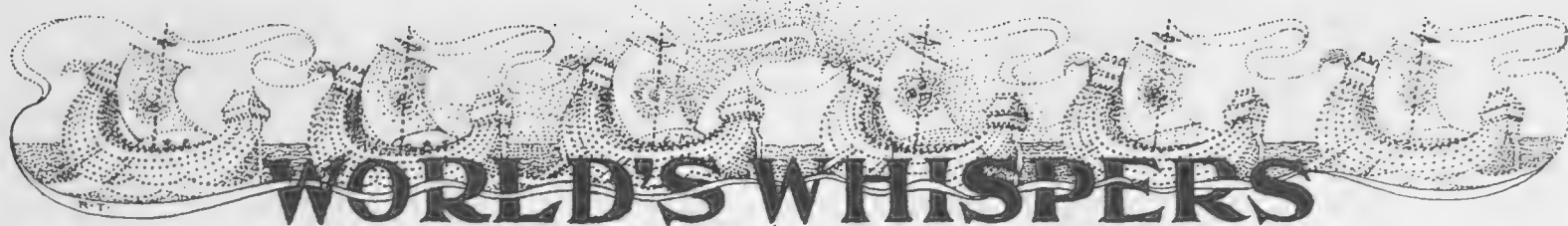
"It's been a drawn fight, Cap'n," he ventured dismally. "Everybody's got a headache, it seems."

Hayes rose with an effort, his lips puckering a trifle maliciously. "A man wants two heads to fight Chinamen with, Emery. The one I've got is always stopping pieces of flying stone."

They returned through the sandhills and gullies to the schooner.

THE END.





# WORLD'S WHISPERS

SIR ERNEST CASSEL, who shares with Lord Iveagh the honour of having provided the funds for the new Radium Institute in London, and, again with Lord Iveagh, has ordered a quarter of an ounce of radium (priced at £30,000) for the same institution, is in some ways the most remarkable of

twentieth-century millionaires. He has been in a very peculiar sense the architect of his own fortunes, and while building up his vast wealth he proved himself so great a benefactor to Egypt that it has been rightly said that his only rival in that respect was Moses. Sir Ernest is immensely interested in everything that concerns the fighting of disease. Some years ago, he gave a million francs in order to help stamp out ophthalmia among the fellaheen; and, a little later, he presented our Sovereign with a cheque for

Storey, may be said to have been born in the buskin, her father being the well-known actor Mr. Fred Storey, nephew of the popular R.A. At the time of the quiet wedding the future Countess was acting at the Gaiety in "Havana," and, though only eighteen, she had already played in several successful musical comedies, including "The Gay Gordons," when she was one of the "guests." Lady Poulett has earned golden opinions in the neighbourhood of Hinton St. George.

## Art and the Peerage.

"Peers are no longer content to buy pictures," said a great art-dealer ruefully; "they now paint 'em and sell 'em." The latter assertion is certainly true, but though, so far, no peer has set himself up in earnest competition with the professional artist, many members allied to the noble order have done, and are doing, so. The most successful "picture-show" of last week was held at Graves's Galleries, Lady Victoria Manners and Miss



MOTHER OF THE NEW VISCOUNT HINTON; COUNTESS POULETT (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY, WELL KNOWN AS A PLAYER AT THE GAITY).

Lady Poulett was, it will be recalled, Miss Sylvia Lilian Storey, well known at the Gaiety, daughter of Mr. Fred Storey, the actor, nephew of the popular R.A. Lady Poulett has won much popularity in the neighbourhood of Hinton St. George, and the birth of the little Viscount Hinton has added to this.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ONE OF THE PHILANTHROPISTS WHO HAVE PAID £30,000 FOR A QUARTER OF AN OUNCE OF RADIUM: SIR ERNEST CASSEL.

Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Iveagh placed the other day the largest order for radium ever given—7½ grammes (that is, rather more than a quarter of an ounce), priced at £30,000. This they are to give to the new Radium Institute, the funds for which, it will be remembered, they provided.

Photograph by Lafayette.

£200,000 to erect a consumption sanatorium. Unlike so many modern millionaires, Sir Ernest Cassel is blessed with the best of good health, and thoroughly enjoys life.

*"Their Ladyships."* The literary and dramatic section of the London world is now graced by three singularly charming and popular new "ladies"—to wit, Lady Beer-bohm Tree, Lady Pinero, and Lady Lucy. The clever, brilliant wife of our leading actor-manager has long been a prominent figure in Society. She is learned as well as witty, and has, we fancy, the right to put B.A. after her name; in any case, she is a Latin scholar of considerable distinction. Lady Pinero looks far too young to be the mother of the distinguished writer and war-correspondent, Mr. Angus Hamilton, but she was a very young widow when she married the world-famous dramatist whose name she is so proud to bear. Lady Lucy is the ideal wife every journalist who is still a bachelor is ever seeking. She is her "Toby M.P.'s" indefatigable and loyal helper and friend, and in his delightful book, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," her husband pays her a charming tribute of gratitude.

*Viscount Hinton's Mother.* There is once more a bearer of the title of Viscount Hinton, for Lady Poulett, who is still in her teens, has just given birth to a son and heir. The marriage of Earl Poulett last year added yet another to the many romances of the Peerage, for his bride, Miss Sylvia Lilian

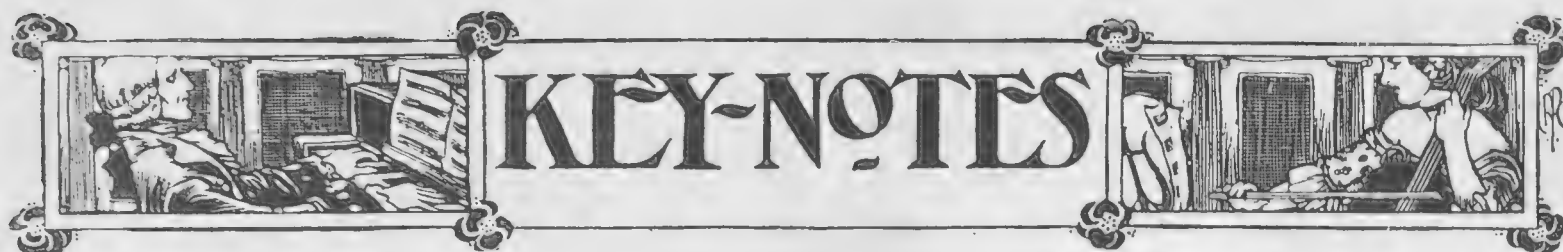


A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD IN ONE SECOND: A SENSATIONAL BICYCLE ACT.

In this act, described as "a tour round the world in one second," the performers ride on bicycles and motor-bicycles on this great revolving steel ball.

Winifred Hope Thomson being the exhibitors—the one of water-colours and the other of miniatures. Ducal strawberry-leaves and proficiency in art seem to go together; few professional women artists are as famous as is the Duchess of Rutland, whose drawings may, in future ages, become as prized as are those of Clouët. Then there is Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, whose sculpture is much esteemed, particularly his Shakespeare Monument at Stratford-on-Avon.

*A Puzzle Unsolved.* A London hostess has a curious story to tell of a poet lately dead, a story the point of which is that it has no point, or at least no end. That it is true must make amends for the lack of either. Swinburne came to an evening party, and passed the evening much as did any other of the less illustrious guests; he talked, he stood about, he left early. The lady—an old friend—was pleased to have numbered among her company so famous a figure. On the following day a hansom dashed up to her door, and the poet rushed into her presence. "What must you think of me?" he cried; "Not only did I not come to your party, but I had not even the grace to write and tell you that I couldn't." The hostess found no reply to make. "Some day something will reveal to him the fact that he was here," was the thought in her astounded mind; and then the weird unintelligibility of the apology! There the matter ended, for ever.



### "Louise."

Charpentier's "Louise" is undoubtedly the most vivid picture of contemporary Paris that the operatic stage has ever seen. Not alone does the story palpitate with the breath of modern life, but the music itself is as modern as the book, and no less influenced by the spirit of symbolism that is seen in all latter-day French art-forms. Music, story, and mounting are combined in the most effective manner possible, while the measure of success achieved must depend to no small extent upon the acquaintance of the audience with the real Paris, and upon its willingness to accept a certain amount of coarseness and brutality, from which no modern work that combines realism with symbolism can be wholly exempt. In "Louise" there is little or no attempt to call a spade an agricultural implement. Whether in the workman's dwelling or the poet's little house on Montmartre, or in the workshop that is the scene of some of the cleverest writing in the opera, men and women move unabashed, saying what is in their minds with frankest unconcern. No emotion is artificial, no effect is insincere; M. Charpentier, who is the author of his own libretto, has said just what he had to say and illustrated it in the light of his own clear vision. "Louise" is called a "musical romance," and it would be hard to better the title. It is not an opera in the old conventional sense, for from the first page to the last there is no attempt to subvert the real significance of the story to cheap or popular ends. The result is that even those whom realism offends must admit that M. Charpentier's musical romance is a work of art of the first importance.

### Its Symbolism and Fatalism.

The life of modern Paris, the Paris of Montmartre and the Boul Mich', gives the keynote to "Louise." The cries of the great city are heard in the orchestra as an accompaniment to every dramatic moment. Paris demands its victims, calls to its heart the countless legion of the young, embraces them for an hour, and then casts them forth, to yield place to those who come after them, and live as best they may on the memory of happy moments. The fascination of Paris makes perennial atonement to broken lives; those who have lived in her light are strangely tolerant of her shadow. Only the straight, simple, narrow folk—like the parents of Louise and the old flower-seller, who wanders over the heights of Montmartre looking for his lost daughter—feel that the city is their enemy; and their emotions are as finely expressed in the score as the expressions of the joy of life. Those who know the Spanish stage will hardly fail to recognise the resemblance that

"Louise" bears to some of the zarzuelas and dramas. In the "Dolores" of Arrieta and the Quinteros' "La Zagala"—to name two popular examples of modern Spanish work—the spirit of fatalism and submission to well-nigh indefinable forces is just the spirit that finds an echo in Charpentier's musical romance. It is the recognition of a force that is best defined as non-moral, a force that could not exist in the days of a simple faith, and is the legitimate outcome of the modern spirit of agnosticism.

**The Interpretation.** If space permitted it would be pleasant to write at length about M. Charpentier's wonderful score—such a faithful, impassioned, and inspired comment upon the thought and action of every character in the opera. Mme. Edvina's Louise is a rising artist's finest achievement; M. Gilibert's creation of the father is second to nothing he has ever given us; while Mme. Bérat, Mlle. Trentini, and M. Dalmorés stand out from a cast in which everybody enters into the spirit of the drama. M. Frigara handled the complicated score with perfect sympathy and understanding.

**The Handel-Mendelssohn Festival.** The great triennial musical festival that has

drawn so many thousands to the Crystal Palace in the past week is one of the mammoth celebrations to which it is hard to do justice. All the music is familiar; it does not admit of new readings. The soloists have borne the same splendid burden time after time. In regard to "Elijah," "The Messiah," and "Israel in Egypt," we may say with the preacher, "There is no new thing under the sun." But nobody can fail to admire the splendid work accomplished by Dr. Frederic Cowen, Mr. Walter Hedgecock, and those associated with them, and it may be doubted whether, in the long and honourable record of the Triennial Festival, the great oratorios have ever received a finer interpretation, or the huge choir has ever displayed such a wealth of tone-colour. Some of the effects have been so delicate that it has seemed almost impossible that thousands of voices have contributed to them. Indeed, even such a time-worn work as "Elijah" seemed to renew its youth. Our English singers have what may be called a genius for oratorio; to hear Mesdames Agnes Nicholls and Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies or Sir Charles Santley in oratorio is to realise the composer's ultimate intention. There must be something in the inherited spirit of devotion so peculiarly characteristic of this country that leads soloist and choir, when they interpret oratorio, to give us the very best that is in them. **COMMON CHORD.**



THE COMPOSER OF "THE WRECKERS"—A PHOTOGRAPH:

MISS ETHEL SMYTH.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE COMPOSER OF "THE WRECKERS"—A DRAWING:

MISS ETHEL SMYTH, BY SARGENT.

Miss Smyth, whose opera "The Wreckers" was produced for the first time in this country last week, by the Afternoon Theatre, had the work presented in Leipzig as far back as 1906. In the autumn of the same year it was given in Prague.





### Features of the Scottish Trials.

The 1000 Miles Week's Trial promoted by the Scottish Automobile Club was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on the evening of the 19th inst. at Glasgow, when fifty-eight of the sixty-six cars which left that city on the previous Monday returned thereto in good condition. Of course, some did better than others, while four were knocked out altogether. The causes which resulted in loss of marks to the finishing cars were more or less trifling. Of these, eighteen cars made non-stop runs every day—a really remarkable feat. The failures which marred the total non-stop records of other cars were in many cases trivialities which would not weigh with a purchaser having such a car under consideration. For a car in everyday use always gets in the usual way attention which was denied to these long-suffering vehicles.

### The Humber Successes.

Having regard to all the severities of the Trial, Messrs. Humber and Co. have every reason to plume themselves upon their Scottish successes, which came so hard and so close upon their Irish triumphs. In Scotland in Class C the popular 10-12-h.p. Humber made a non-stop run every day, and in Class E its bigger brother—he of sixteen horses—did what from a motoring point of view might be termed the hat trick—to wit, another six non-stops. Then again, the gallant 10-12-h.p. was fastest car in its class up the terrible Cairn-o'-Mount, both with standing and flying start and for the full distance, first again up Clash, and first up Gruinard. Turning to the climbing performances of the 16-h.p. Humber, we find her also fastest in her class up Cairn-o'-Mount, starting, flying, and full distance; fifth up Little Gruinard, fourth up the severely trying climb of Little Glendoe, and first up Fintry. Curiously enough, while she was only 16 3-5 sec. slower than the fastest car up Little Gruinard, she was 16 1-5 sec. only slower than the fastest car up Glendoe. This would point to the fact that her gear-ratios were not quite so well suited to these two shorter hills as to the major job of Cairn-o'-Mount.

### The Sterling Straker-Squire.

Taking now the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire, a car which gained the profound approval of everyone who travelled in it, she is credited with a non-stop trip on every one of the six days, and also proved her undoubted quality by finishing third up Cairn-o'-Mount

for the standing start, first for the flying start—which is to say she was fastest in her class on the upper part of the hill—and third for the full distance. Up Little Gruinard she was fourth, being + 13 3-5 sec. only; and first again up Glendoe, the hill for which the Scottish prospectors had scoured Scotland, so as to provide the Trials with a cracker.



A SIGHT ENGLAND WILL SOON SEE: A CLÉMENT-BAYARD DIRIGIBLE IN ITS GARAGE.

Photograph by Branger.

that is to say, the awards will be made. In the meantime, I give the names of the cars which made non-stop runs throughout, in addition to those mentioned above: 15-h.p. Mass, 20-30-h.p. Cadillac, 14-16-h.p. Argyll, 15-h.p. Star (which was also fastest on standing, and full distance on Cairn-o'-Mount, Little Gruinard, and Fintry), 16-h.p. Singer, 20-h.p. Vauxhall, 20-h.p. Lancia, 15-h.p. Rover, 12-h.p. Talbot, 18-h.p. De Dion, 14-20-h.p. Sunbeam, and the 24-h.p. Albion.

**Calthorpes in the Coupe.** Although but two British-Birmingham cars started in the Coupe des Voitures, held over the Boulogne Circuit on Sunday, 20th inst.,

they finished sixth and seventh in so creditable a manner as to provoke considerable praise from the French technical Press, who were fair enough to point out that they were, unlike so many of their opponents, standard cars, fitted with standard engines. One of them has gained the special cup offered by Messrs. Bennett and Co. for the car which performed the total number of circuits with the greatest regularity. The Calthorpe cars, then, though defeated, were very far from being disgraced, and had I to select a car for my own use from among those that finished, my choice would fall unhesitatingly on one of the Calthorpes.



WILL ENGLAND ADOPT THE TWO-POWER STANDARD IN AIR-SHIPS? A CLÉMENT-BAYARD DIRIGIBLE OF THE TYPE THAT WILL BE BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY AT THE END OF AUGUST.

Our photograph shows the "Clément-Bayard No. 1." "Clément-Bayard No. 2," which is practically the same as "No. 1," is to be brought to England very shortly (it is thought, at the end of August), that various tests may be made, with a view to the possible purchase of the airship by this country. In this particular photograph, the spectator is looking at the bottom of the balloon. At the left end are the pear-shaped stabilisers, designed to keep the vessel steady. The bottom section of the great gas-envelope is a ballonet filled with compressed air, pumped in, by an engine in the car, through a pipe between car and balloon. This compressed air keeps up the pressure in the gas-envelope, and thus causes it to retain its shape, even when a certain amount of gas has escaped. At about the middle of the balloon can be seen the white rudders attached to the open part of the framework of the car. On the right is the covered part of the car, which contains the engine and the passengers; again to the right are the elevating-planes, which give upward or downward direction to the balloon; on the extreme right is the propeller.

### The Adler Distinguishes Herself.

In Class G the 30-h.p.

Adler—a car which has come rapidly to the front since Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street and 127, Long Acre, put it upon the British market—made a non-stop run on all six days. This car was first in the standing start up Cairn-o'-Mount, second in the flying start, and second in the full distance. Little Gruinard saw her at the head of her class, turning the tables on the 38-h.p. Minerva, and again first up the steep and winding Glendoe, which overlooks Fort Augustus. Surely, satisfactory enough.

### The Non-Stops Throughout.

By the time these notes see the

light much more will be known of the Scottish trials—

# THE WORLD OF SPORT



1. MR. K. POWELL.  
2. MISS GARFIT.  
3. MRS. O'NEILL.  
4. MR. H. A. PARKER.

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THE  
LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT  
WIMBLEDON.

Photographs by Sports Co. and M. Dixon.

## St. Leger.

The race for the St. Leger will take place at Doncaster on Sept. 8, and for the sake of reference, it may be as well to state that the exact distance of the race is 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. It will thus be seen that horses have to run two miles less 308 yards, and the course is by no means an easy one, so that none but good stayers succeed in this race. Of the favourites, we saw Minoru, Louviers, William the Fourth, and Bayardo win at Ascot. The King's colt had nothing to beat, but he looked and went well, and he is improving daily. The same may be said of the other three. Louviers gave his best running in the hands of Stern, the only jockey who seems to be able to handle him successfully. Bayardo has come on a lot since he ran in the Derby, but his staying powers have to be taken on trust. I believe Maher thinks he will win the St. Leger, but he will have to improve a great deal if he is to reverse the Epsom running with Minoru. I do not think Valens will do for the Doncaster course. He is fast, but is not possessed of sufficient stamina for this race. Bomba and Prester Jack are both engaged, but they may be outclassed. A pause must be made at William the Fourth, who ran a great race at Ascot. He is bred to stay, and is a real racehorse to look at. Of the others engaged, it is impossible to put them on the map, unless we except Holiday House, who has been for some time under suspicion. Sound and fit, Lord Londonderry's colt would run well, as he had very smart two-year-old form; but he would have to be thoroughly wound up to have any chance against the classic favourites. Just now I look upon the race as being a good thing for Minoru, although I expect to see plenty of speculation on the event, as opinions are very much divided as to the relative merits of the favourites.

## Eclipse Stakes.

The Sandown Park Second Summer Meeting will be held on July 16 and 17. The chief race of the meeting will be the Eclipse Stakes, to be run on the opening day. If Your Majesty goes to the post fit and well, I think it may be taken for granted that the race is all over bar shouting. Mr. J. B. Joel's champion has been specially saved for the race under notice. He has been kept jogging along—not hurried—since the opening of the season, and he has useful animals to lead him in his work. The only opponent worthy of his steel that could oppose him is Bayardo, but Mr. Fairie may not chance a fight. Of the others we saw, Santo Strato and Siberia performed moderately in the Gold Cup race at Ascot, Morena is unreliable; Royal Realm is, seemingly, the same. Perrier, who belongs to his Majesty, is, apparently, a commoner, a second Nulli Secundus, and Poor Boy is a very unlucky animal. I notice the name of Mat o' the Mint left in. He is very likely to win a good race sooner or later, but I cannot think he could stretch Your Majesty; while such horses as Putchamin, Diamond Stud, and Sir Bold would be better engaged in second-class handicaps. It is a pity that Signorinetta could not start, just to give us a glimpse of last year's Derby winner pitted against a real flyer. Although the Eclipse Stakes are likely to cut up badly, the rest of the programme should produce some very fine sport.

## Handicapping.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club are evidently desirous of improving our handicaps, and they are about to discuss a proposed rule under which a foreign horse will not be eligible to be handicapped in this country until he has run three times. This would be a move backwards, in my opinion, and would keep the French horses from running in this country, to say nothing of the German horses, and just now racing is on the boom in Germany. It would, I contend, do a lot of harm in many ways. It should be borne in mind that our breeders sell a large number of horses to the foreigners, who would boycott our markets if they were not allowed the same chance as Englishmen to race in England. Our handicappers now give the foreign horses prohibitive weights to start with, and they could not do more in any case. We do not want to introduce anything like protection into our race rules. At the present time racing in England would be in a bad way if it were not for the Colonials and Americans who patronise us so freely. If instead of worrying themselves about foreign horses the stewards of the Jockey Club were to inquire into the doings of the home stables and of some of the jockeys it would be a good deal better for innocent backers. Some stables seem to be able to back their horses as though they were racing certainties at times. How is this possible? Again, whether rightly or wrongly, it is thought by one or two good judges that a few of our jockeys do not always ride straight, especially when they are on warm favourites. What I say is this: Let us put our home affairs in proper order before bothering ourselves about foreigners and foreign horses.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



1. MR. J. C. PARKE.  
2. MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.  
3. MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.  
4. MRS. EDGINGTON.

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THE  
LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT  
WIMBLEDON.

Photographs by Sports Co. and M. Dixon.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Sombre Rosaleen.

If we are presently to have a National Theatre, the Irish players must have their show there once a year at least. Nothing more striking can be seen on the stage to-day than these pictures of peasant life on the wild coast of Clare, and little that is so essentially comic as the Irish village comedies of Lady Gregory. The absence of bright colours, the mournful dignity of the half-Spanish costumes, the bare stage, the scenery which aims at general truths rather than photographic realism—all this impresses the spectator in an extraordinary manner. It is a strange picture which the late Mr. J. M. Synge drew of the Irish peasantry to-day, for he depicts them as being not only as fatalistic as Moslems, but inhabiting a Palace of Truth which compels them to utter the most insulting statements about each other's personal appearance. No civilised society could be carried on whose members criticised each other in the scathing way of the characters in "The Well of the Saints," in which tragedy-comedy there is scarcely a trace of the geniality and easy-going tolerance which we Anglo-Saxons associate with the Irish. In short, if we are to believe Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. J. M. Synge, the "Dark Rosaleen" is not only sombre of hair and eyes, but of temperament. But that she has her own haunting and alluring charm, none but the most unimaginative Briton could attempt to deny.

**Hatefully Healthy.** Serious and thorough in everything, the best French doctors are nowadays uncompromising advocates of the simple life—of floods of cold water, torrents of fresh air, strenuous work, as well as of a lofty aloofness from tobacco and wine. The individual who aspires to health, says one of them, must live in a house denuded of curtains, carpets, and draperies, must eat sparsely, drink nothing but cold water—in short, he must hang up no festal garlands on his walls, nor ever know the pleasing fact that ginger is hot in the mouth. Only if the searcher after hygiene is a brain-worker may he be permitted to eat meat; the others must live on pulses, jam, and such like innocent edibles. He must make himself glad with soda-water; sleep eight hours, whether he wants to or no; put away the pipe which soothes and the cigarette which exhilarates; and assiduously "protect himself against chills." The vision evoked as the embodiment of this Spartan régime is, it must be owned, a singularly unattractive one, but perhaps we shall all resemble this newest sort of Frenchman in the dim by-and-by.

### Through German Pince-Nez.

I have never yet met a German who did not wear a pince-nez, from the youngest student at Heidelberg to the most accomplished attaché ever dispatched by Kaiser Wilhelm to investigate English Welt-Politik from Carlton House Terrace. It is, I am sure, through that uncomfortable aid to vision that the gentleman from

the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger* is now taking a view of us and airing his opinions of England and the English in an esteemed contemporary. Sometimes the Teutonic pince-nez are rose-coloured, more often they are of a more sombre shade; but always the gaze is thorough, and essays to take us all in. Your German does not generalise, as is the habit of his more brilliant neighbour, the Frenchman; but in his criticism of the Anglo-Saxon he is apt to employ those home-thrusts which have from time immemorial been the chief weapon in use in the family circle. As a matter of fact, we are so closely related to the North Germans as to make it inevitable that we should misunderstand each other. Herr Oscar Schweriner, for instance, is genuinely distressed because we are not more *folâtre* in public restaurants. The German is still in that innocent stage of civilisation which confounds noise with enjoyment. If the Teutonic burgess goes to a beer-garden of an evening, he will not have enjoyed himself unless he has shouted himself hoarse and laughed until his sides ache. He does not understand that the acme of breeding and "good form" in England is to speak low and to refrain from hilarious outbursts, and that the manners of the highest classes are "sedulously aped" by the middle stratum. For it is above all in public places that our British sense of humour stands us in good stead. We can take in the most diverting aspects of the human comedy without appearing to notice them. And, after all, British seriousness never approaches that of the Arab or the Chinese.

### Romping in High Places.

Yet while we are being rebuked by the observant alien for sitting mum-chance and pulling a long face when we eat in public, another section of critics object to the ball-room romping which takes place, particularly in the "lancers," a dance which used to be the symbol of Victorian respectability. Nothing, says the French proverb, is sacred to a sapper; and one would have thought that the very name of the criticised dance would imply a certain amount of audacious gaiety, of military *joie de vivre*. For my part, I like to see the youngsters, male and female after their kind, kicking up their heels in the "basket figure," and otherwise disporting themselves as young things can and should. Shall there be no more cakes and ale because, forsooth, the dancing-masters of England are determined to stop "romping in the ball-room"? Where else, indeed, is sweet-and-twenty to—literally—have its fling? The high spirits of youth represent a dynamic force of incalculable value, for which a safety-valve is required occasionally, and with games and dances civilised youth can easily be kept in hand. The hostesses of England have been bidden by the dancing-masters to be "more careful whom they invite to their balls," but I fear the chief sinners are sometimes found in the highest places, and that it is only in certain suburbs that true decorum prevails.



A DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

### The Court.

The last State reception of the year was remarkable in several ways. Three interesting brides presented thereat were the Marchioness Douro, by her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Wellington; Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, by her mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Lansdowne; and Lady Brooke, by her mother-in-law, the Countess of Warwick. All three are among the great ladies of the future. Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, if a younger son, has already a fine position, and is in the Household of the Heir-Apparent. The Marchioness of Salisbury presented her elder daughter, Lady Beatrice Cecil, who has brought into the Cecil family an Irish heritage of a pair of grey-blue eyes. Her grandfather was the late Earl of Arran, and her grandmother was the daughter of Viscountess Jocelyn (sometime in the Household of Queen Victoria) daughter-in-law of the third Earl of Roden.

### Modern Luxury.

Every year we become more accustomed to commercial palaces wherein to make our purchases, be they simple or superb. A new marble hall has been added to the realities, not the dreams, of our modern existence by Messrs. D. H. Evans, an enterprising firm which has now been in the van of progress as regards up-to-date requirements, not alone in the beautiful things we require, but in the surroundings where we delight to acquire them. The arrangements are most convenient and well thought out. On the ground-floor are all the addenda to charming dresses, boas, sunshades, hosiery, etc. On the beautifully decorated first-floor, in the most graceful French style, are the costumes, furs, etc.; while on the second-floor is a most delightful restaurant. There is also a ladies' lounge and a man's smoking-room. The ventilation is a strong point amid the Samson-like equipment of this palace among shopping establishments. It is by the new Ozonair system, through which water-cooled and scientifically purified air is constantly supplied to every department. Time is not wasted waiting for change, as the Lamson pneumatic-tube cash system has been installed; and there is also a wonderful saving of time effected in the dispatch of parcels by means of serpentine metal shoots to the despatch-room. We always loved shopping; now we shall specially enjoy it at Messrs. D. H. Evans's fine establishment.

### The Queen of the Children.

Little people are especially dear to Queen Alexandra. It was charming to see her Majesty at the great Midsummer Fair and Fête at Olympia last week with the children. Miss Patricia Herbert gave her Majesty a bouquet with the prettiest little curtsy; the Queen, smiling most appreciatively, received it and lovingly patted the dear wee' maid. In the Pompadour Theatre, though the Queen appreciated all the graceful and dignified performance, it was at the dancing of little Miss Vera le Fleming and little Miss Mavis Yorke that her Majesty's face broke into delightful smiles of keen appreciation.



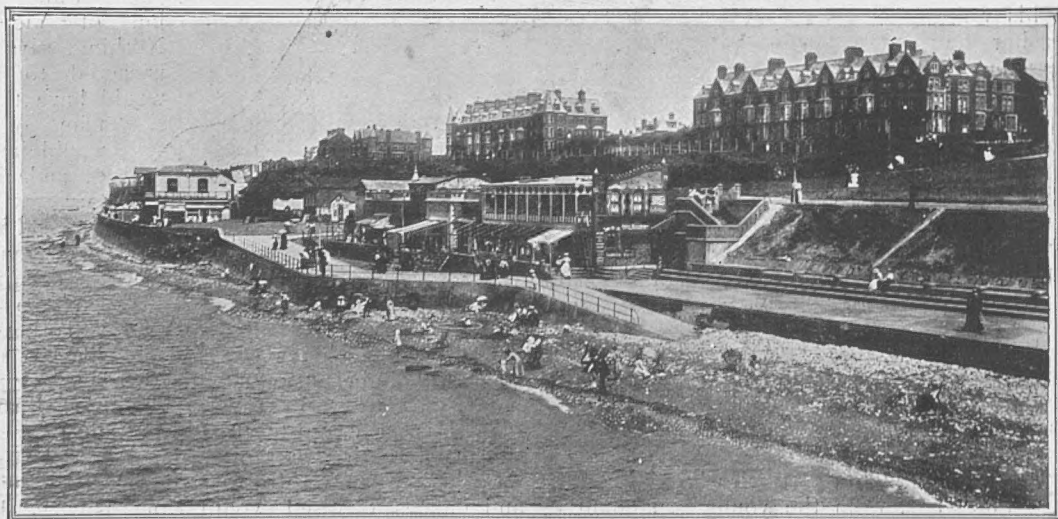
FOR THE RACES: A CHARMING GOWN BY "ARQUA,"  
26, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

**Domestic Dignity.** We are a home-loving people, whose sane and delightful idea it is to make and keep our homes lovable. Time was when we preferred for a little to entertain at restaurants. Now we do that once for twenty times at home. The hostess's pride in her beautiful table-linen, silver, and glass is renewed, and the home is again the centre of affection. The refinements of home make its dignity. These are best secured by the use of the most beautiful Irish linen. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver are during next month to dispose of the surplus production of their great Belfast linen factories, when opportunity will be afforded to all who love fine linen for personal or household use to acquire it at the most advantageous terms. A sale price-list, which can be secured at the London branch in Regent Street, or that in Church Street, Liverpool, by writing or asking for it, will show these opportunities better than any words of mine.

**Shimmer of Pearls.** Why it was that in the Victorian era—or, at all events, until towards its close—jewellery was not worn in the daytime is easily understood when we remember how pretentious and cumbersome was the style of ornament then in vogue. Now jewelled ornaments are all lightness and grace, looking charming by day or night. The Parisian Diamond Company, with their exquisite, scientifically produced pearls, their wonderful beauty and variety of design, have done much to popularise the wearing of jewellery in the daytime. It is a fashion going well with the dress of the day, and there is a distinct difference in the ornaments suited to the day and to the night.

Now that the holiday season is upon us and the selection of a seaside resort one of anxious discussion, the claims of Hunstanton might well receive favourable consideration. Situated on the Wash, with a western aspect, from which the landmarks of the Lincolnshire coast are clearly discerned, it enjoys all the bracing and tonic qualities peculiar to the air of the East Coast, while at the same time screened from the harsher winds by a high and delightfully wooded country, thus ensuring an equable and genial climate. Picturesque cliffs, a fine stretch of solid yellow sand which affords safe bathing, good boating facilities, tennis and croquet lawns, and golf-links at convenient range are some of its varied attractions. Delightful riding or driving excursions can be made to Ringstead Downs, a charming sylvan retreat for walks and picnics; Hunstanton Hall, with its fine park; Castle Rising, with its ruins and extensive views; the woods and commons around Dersingham and Sandringham; while Burnham Thorpe, Nelson's birthplace, is within easy reach.

Good accommodation may be obtained at the Sandringham Hotel at a very moderate tariff, its cuisine and service, replete with every comfort, leaving nothing to be desired. With a view of bringing Hunstanton within a three hours' reach of London the Great Eastern Railway have inaugurated an accelerated train service, by which it is hoped this favoured spot on the headland of Norfolk will become more widely known and appreciated.



WITHIN THREE HOURS OF LIVERPOOL STREET: THE FRONT AT HUNSTANTON.

Invigorating air, wide sands, safe bathing, good cycling and motoring roads, and unlimited golf are among the attractions of Hunstanton. The moral is that when you feel like a limp rag, send yourself to the Wash. This is the more easily done, now that the Great Eastern Railway runs trains from London to Hunstanton in less than three hours—to be precise, the 11.5 a.m. from Liverpool Street reaches Hunstanton at 2 p.m.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 12.*

## STAGGERED.

THAT'S what is the matter with the Foreign Market now. The new issues that have poured out of late, successful as most of them proved, were the mark for every stag in the country, and the Market has to suffer from stag operations. Some of the scrip went, of course, to the genuine investor; but considering how scantily he has been treated in the matter of allotments, that genuine investor has become tired of applying, and the stag gets the game pretty well to himself. There are the small stags who write for a thousand pounds, and the large ones who underwrite so much "firm": both of them turn out the stock as soon as they see a decent profit, so the market, waxing overtired of stags, declines to bid for the new things after allotment. The investor already mentioned, however, will do well to watch his opportunities for picking up sound securities yielding 5 per cent. on the money. As for instance, there is the new Chinese Railways Loan: it can be bought about  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium, and is good as well as cheap. Or take the Russian  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Railway Loan, which achieved such a brilliant success when it came out at 90. The partly paid scrip is to be had for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium for cash, and there is a rise of several points in it, barring international complications. These are but two of the various examples that can be found in the Foreign Market at the present time. Others equally attractive any broker will suggest.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Have you, my dear Sir, visited your broker's office lately? If so, shall I tell you what you said? You stepped into the private room, the owner rose from his revolving-chair, and as you shook hands you said—

"Well, is the boom all over?"

Now, didn't you? I'm sorry I cannot tell you his reply, because he made it so indefinite that it really is difficult to crystallise into a single sentence. But he laughed in a spacious kind of way, said he hoped it wasn't over, rather hinted that there *might* be a bit of a fall further before the boom recommenced, and endeavoured to give you the comfortable impression that you needn't sell just yet, because if things didn't go down, they would be more likely to rise than to stay where they were. Moreover, he told you (at least, I feel pretty sure he did) that the undertone was quite good, and that the market in itself was surprisingly strong, in spite of the decline in prices, winding up with the emphatic assertion that there wasn't a bargain doing anywhere, and he would have been delighted to ask you to lunch with him only he was rather busy to-day. After which, of course, you became more hopeful, and gave him several limits to sell your shares—at prices hopelessly high—and avowed your firm determination to "have a few more of them" if they fell further, but you didn't think you'd leave any orders to buy, thank you, at present, but would watch the market for yourself and let him know later, and—the telephone-bell ringing at that particular juncture provided you with an excellent excuse for bringing the interview to a close.

There is this to be said in favour of Kaffirs. The big houses have the market well in hand, and obviously it won't pay them to let things down with a run, else they will frighten the public. At one time, two or three weeks ago, it looked as if the rise were getting beyond control, as if the public had taken the bit between their teeth and were going to run the boom as they did in Ninety Five. But the big houses have an immensely powerful weapon in the affording or not of carry-over facilities, and it was this that provided the brake with which the latest boomlet was curbed. Talk about options and that sort of thing, if you like: they are only put in the window in order to distract attention from the perfectly legitimate desire of the wirepullers to keep the rise within healthy bounds, and to prevent it developing into a mad gamble whose inevitable end would have done the market incalculable mischief. We have got bitten as it is, most of us, but the damage is nothing much, and there will be further opportunities later on of adding to profits acquired earlier. For a while, however, the market will go quietly, it seems to me, and we mustn't be at all surprised if further liquidation should result in prices being put on a lower level yet. So much the healthier for the next advance. They tell me that Chartered are going to be "run" again, and in view of the really astonishing ease with which the price was whirled up to 38s. 9d. earlier in the month, I should be tempted to advise quiet purchases for taking-up purposes, on days when the market happens to be flat.

These huge speculative accounts, said to be open for men of straw—whose are they, I wonder? You hear of costermongers being bulls of five hundred East Rand, sweeps and lamplighters having large commitments in Modders, mannequins with a thousand Bankets, and that kind of thing. And the man who tells you asks triumphantly, how can Kaffirs go better until these are weeded out? But what broker is there who would be such a fool as to risk having accounts such as these? I don't believe there are any; these sensational stories savour of the sort stupid, and are only fit for repetition in a halfpenny rumour-paper. Danger lies, truly enough, in Stock Exchange members themselves having too many shares open: there is nothing to stop any member in the House from buying or selling practically what he pleases, whatever his bank-balance. No doubt there has been a lot of piling-up of big accounts by men whose means do not justify them in speculating largely. No doubt the West-End contingent, always short of cash, has helped in building the bull position upon inadequate financial foundations; but as for the yarns about wholesale gambling by society at large, from the bankrupt peeress to the sportive coster—pooh!

A man I know of had such rascally bad luck that last March he was compelled to take advantage of the rule which allows a member a year's holiday from the House without payment of his subscription. He was standing outside the Kaffir Market, musing mournfully, when a friend came along with a bundle of "names" he had been landed with. Showing them to the other, he made some rueful remark about the probable loss there would be on the selling-out, and the holiday-maker, having nothing to do, offered to lend a hand by tracing some of the tickets. He was remarkably successful in getting hold of deliverers quickly, and he saved the firm much money. So they suggested his giving them a hand in the checking-room on the next name-day. This he did, and worked so well that out of gratitude the firm paid his subscription, and he is now back in the House doing quite comfortably, which just shows you that there are certain rare occasions upon which virtue does not escape reward.

In one of the older booms, a youngster worked like a slave for six weeks, taking books home, and sitting up till one and two in the morning, Saturdays as well, in order to keep pace with the rush of business. He thought that his master knew

nothing about it until one day the latter called him into his den—he was a jobber—and observed that the lad was looking pale. "Been doing late work?" The boy told him. "Books up to date?" The lad replied that everything was posted up to the preceding night. "Let the others take it on now," said the jobber; "draw yourself a cheque for fifty pounds, make it cash, and I'll sign it. And don't let me see you for another fortnight." And he didn't.

## THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

The following note by "Q" will be of interest to those readers who have followed his lead over the Tea-Rubber Companies, which he has steadily recommended for more than twelve months; while his remarks on El Oro come at the right moment, judging from the letters of inquiry we have of late received as to this well-known Mining property, in which many of our readers are interested, and the shares of which have for a long time been one of "Q's" most favourite Mining investments—

## CEYLON TEA PLANTATIONS' NEW ISSUE.

The shareholders of the *Ceylon Tea Plantations* Company have received notice this week of an extraordinary general meeting to be held on July 1, at which resolutions will be submitted for the subdivision of the £10 Ordinary and Preference shares into ten shares each of £1 nominal value, and also for the creation of 33,334 new Ordinary shares of £1, and of 16,666 new Preference shares of £1 each. If these resolutions are passed the capital of the Company will stand at £350,000—namely, 233,334 Ordinary shares of £1, and 116,666 Preference shares of £1 each. The present issued capital is £176,000 in Ordinary shares, and £88,000 in Preference shares: the balance to be issued, assuming that the resolutions are passed, will therefore be 57,334 Ordinary shares, and 28,666 Preference shares. What shareholders are naturally anxious to know, and on this point it is to be presumed that information will be forthcoming at the meeting, is on what terms these new shares will be offered to the present holders. A small issue of shares was made last year, and the new Ordinary shares were then offered to shareholders at £25, corresponding to 50s. for the £1 share. The present price of the Ordinary £10 shares is about £48, so that presumably the new issue will be made at a higher figure than last year; but, in any case, it is sure to constitute a handsome bonus, and, together with the splitting of the shares, should lead to a further appreciation in the price. The object for which the new capital is required was explained at the last annual meeting. Some 2000 acres of land now under tea is gradually being lost as tea land, owing to the growth of the rubber inter-planted, and the Directors have therefore determined to acquire a further 2000 acres of land and plant it with tea; so that, notwithstanding the increasing profits from rubber, the production of tea may show no decline. As the tea factories, etc., are all available, the extension of the tea area can be done at a minimum of cost, and is certain to prove profitable. I have dealt so recently with this Company's splendid prospects that I need not enlarge upon them again; the main fact for shareholders to remember is that they can rely upon a dividend of £2 per share from the profits from tea, and a further rapidly increasing profit from rubber, of which this Company will in a few years be one of the largest producers.

## EL ORO MINING.

If one may judge from the price of the shares, the importance of the latest information from the *El Oro* mine has hardly been realised by the public. The most significant item in the circular issued to shareholders last week is concerned with the lower levels north of the Somera shaft, as to which the general manager writes as follows: "Development work north of the Somera shaft has given most satisfactory results. On the Branch vein there is now opened up on the 1000-ft. level a length of 500 ft. and a stoping width of 10 ft., of very much better grade than the present average of ore milled. Seven raises have reached points varying from 40 ft. to 130 ft. above the 1000-ft. level. In no case have these raises reached the upper limit of the pay ore." The usual half-yearly dividend of 1s. 6d. is at the same time declared. The *El Oro* is one of those wonderful properties on which developments of phenomenal richness may at any time occur, and at the present price the shares are a sound mining investment. Q.

Saturday, June 26, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

STEEL.—On further inquiry from a source in which we have confidence, we hear that some negotiations are on foot for selling the mine, but that, as yet, nothing has been settled as to price or other details.

SUBRIE.—You may burn your certificate. We have made inquiries and find that the creditors got nothing, including the Debenture-holders. So, clearly, there was nothing for shareholders. The properties are now abandoned.

BANK.—The Bank of Egypt is good, but high, and the South African is also a fair concern. We would rather buy it of the two for a rise. We should prefer London and Brazilian and London and Mexico as having more room for improvement than Bank of Egypt, and operating in very progressive countries. Probably South African Banks will improve, but we feel a bit afraid of them.

BAMPTON.—South Africans might do if you will buy only the best, such as City Deeps or Rand Mines or Consolidated Goldfields; but all mines must fluctuate. Waihai Mines you might put some money in, or Mysore Gold—both good speculative investments. See "Q's" note on *El Oro*. Of another class, Rio de Janeiro New Loan or San Paulo State New Loan, both of which will pay 5 per cent., and are quite safe. We think well of City of San Paulo or City of Santo's bonds, which pay 6 per cent.

E.C.—The people have defaulted to clients we know, and if you win you will probably not be paid. As to Breweries, you must use your own judgment as to whether the Budget proposals will go through, and, if so, what effect they will have. It will certainly differ in the various cases, depending on the class of tied house held, the nature of the trade, etc.

MONA.—We think well of it. The price for shares 18s. paid is  $\frac{7}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium.

F.E.P.—The bank would not be good enough for our money, but then we do not like weak banks. You had far better buy some good Industrial Preference share with a ready market, such as Globe Telegraph Trust Preference or Lip-on Preference.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket the following should run well: Duke of Cambridge Handicap, Orquil; Stud Produce Stakes, Maxine; Selling Plate, Kaffir Chief; Princess of Wales's Stakes, Your Majesty; July Cup, Jack Snipe; Ellesmere Stakes, Cocksure II. At Worcester the Worcestershire Handicap may be won by Arcadic and the City Welter by Fortune Bay. At Alexandra Park the following may go close: London Cup, Menu; July Handicap, Vic; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Macoomer; Apprentices' Plate, Toyshop.



## BRITISH AND COLONIAL INVESTMENTS, LTD.

AT the statutory meeting of British and Colonial Investments, Ltd., held on June 22 at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. Herbert George Latilla (the chairman) said: "The issued capital of the company to-day is £209,709, in 419,418 shares. We have to issue a further 78,986 shares when called upon to do so by the liquidators of the old companies. The affairs of your company, when the present Board came on the scene, were in a chaotic state. The improvement may be directly traced to the advent of Mr. Abe Bailey, who at a critical stage supplied the financial assistance necessary to liquidate the company's pressing debts. The result has been eminently satisfactory. The shares, which were practically unsaleable at round about 3s., have become a favourite market counter, and the price to-day is well above par, and rightly so.

"It is my pleasure to be able to inform you that, through the association of your Board with Mr. Abe Bailey, we have been able to arrange a sale of your Rhodesian assets to the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia for 131,032 shares. I think you will agree with me that a splendid stroke of business has been accomplished. To recapitulate, the principal assets of the British and Colonial Investments are as follows: The Johannesburg Real Estate, 2000 acres of freehold ground on the Witwatersrand. Our interests in deep-level claims—in these I include our interest in New Rand Reefs, Consolidated South Rand Mines Deep, and Elandsfontein. Our shares in the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Randfontein Deep, etc.; 400 acres at Edgware, 27 acres at Bromley, Kent, and 23 acres at Walmer.

"Roughly speaking, your assets, taken on a conservative valuation, are worth to-day nearly £500,000, and there is every reason to expect this to increase. (Applause.) From this brief résumé you will recognise that your company is in a sound position. I would like to say that our interests in the Transvaal are under the careful and able management of the Witwatersrand Township Corporation, which has been very successful in conducting similar business. Large reductions in administration charges, both in Africa and in England, have been effected. Given the management which you may expect from those at present in charge of your affairs, you may look to your company paying dividends in the not distant future. (Hear, hear.) I am happy to say that we see our way to quickly freeing the company from debt, and having, in addition to our main or principal assets, cash and realisable securities in hand to the value of well over £100,000."

## GENERAL NOTES.

MR. ERNEST THESIGER, a cousin of Lord Chelmsford, who managed to make himself quite unlike any of his various personalities when he put on godliness and a beard in the Church Pageant, is particularly learned in disguises. The cap and bells suit him just as well as a halo, and he is equally intent on the business in hand, whether he is painting water-colours in Morocco or imitating Sarah Bernhardt in his studio, for he is an artist as well as a mummer. When Church Pageants are not on hand, a fancy-dress dance will serve his turn, and not long ago, at his own very amusing party in the Chelsea Town Hall, one of his water-colours, given as a prize, fell to the lot of a Beardsley Archangel, although there was a strong feeling that Mr. Thesiger should have kept it himself. Surely he earned another at Colchester?

Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson's pupils are giving a matinée to-morrow afternoon at the Kingsway Theatre, by permission of Miss Lena Ashwell, and those who are interested in the progress of our younger artists will doubtless welcome the occasion. Madame Mapleson is one of London's greatest teachers, and many of her pupils have already achieved distinction. Londoners will not have forgotten the performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue," given by Madame Mapleson's pupils at His Majesty's Theatre two or three years ago; it established beyond dispute the quality and distinction of her work. A special attraction of to-morrow's performance will be the appearance of Mlle. Adeline Genée, who is assisting her old friend and colleague in what should be one of the most attractive matinées of the season.

In our issue for June 9 we stated, by a slip of the pen, that the Prince of Wales started his trip to the Duchy of Cornwall by taking train from Paddington. This should have been Waterloo, as he travelled on the L. and S.W. Railway on this occasion.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announce that, with the new expresses "billed" for July, every train on week-days and Sundays from London (Waterloo) to the West of England will be formed of corridor-carriages and either breakfast, luncheon, tea, or dining car, so that travellers can obtain meals en route, by whatever train selected during the day. The train service to the South of England will also be augmented by new luncheon and dining car expresses. Many other important alterations, including revised cross-country services, are shown in the company's time-tables for July.



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